

CHINA'S WONDERFUL FORBIDDEN CITY—FIRST PHOTOGRAPHS
EVER TAKEN.—IN THIS ISSUE.

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LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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MANDARINS IN THE PALACE COURT-YARD.

CHINESE WATCHING WITH INDIGNATION AND ASTONISHMENT THE DESECRATION OF THE SACRED CITY BY THE ALLIED FORCES.

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A Chinese Statesman's Solemn Warning.

(Contributed Article to Leslie's Weekly.)

[Ho Yow, the Chinese consul-general at San Francisco, is, next to Minister Wu, the most important Chinese official in this country. Mr. Ho is exceedingly well-born and cultured. A Chinese gentleman of fortune and position, his father was a man of most enlightened views, and his sons take after him. Ho Yow is an English solicitor, having completed an English course of law. One of his brothers is a graduate of the University of Edinburgh, and another is an Oxford man. One of the brothers married an English girl and took her to China to live. She was a woman of wealth and position, and left but one child, a daughter, on her death some years later. Nevertheless, and in spite of the desire for a son, so near to the Chinese heart, her husband did not marry again, but took his daughter to England, where he carefully supervised her education. A daughter of the house is the wife of Minister Wu. She has set an example to Chinese ladies of high degree by going out in American society, entertaining and being entertained, and, as she speaks English, like all of her brothers, she is a delightful hostess and one whose invitations are much sought. San Francisco is naturally, next to Washington, the most important American city from a Chinese standpoint. The consulate is large and its hospitality famous. Ho Yow is a young man, tall, slender, distinguished, an elegant gentleman of refined manners, who dresses exquisitely and is often an honored guest at the dinner-tables of distinguished Californians. He speaks English well and readily, and is much in demand for addresses at banquets. Those privileged to know him realize that the gentleman is the same the world over, and that refined manners and a kindly heart are more than skin deep.—M. C. C.]



HO YOW, CHINESE CONSUL-GENERAL IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Photograph by Bushnell.

If the Chinese are ever civilized in the Occidental sense of the term they will be a menace, not only to the garrisons that may be left in China when the present unpleasantness is over, but to Europe as well. It is admitted that the Chinese are the most industrious people—the best workmen in the world—else why should you fear their competition and seek to exclude them from your industries?

They are models of endurance and exceedingly intelligent, quick of comprehension, and imitative. Energy, endurance, and intelligence—these are the qualities that go to make excellent soldiers, and when courage is added to these you have the finest soldiers in the world, from the Western standpoint. Every one admits that the Chinese are intelligent, and tacitly admits their superior industry. Some people deny that they are courageous, but I am not willing to admit that. I believe that they have not yet had an opportunity to show whether they are brave or not. The allies say that they have never seen hotter fighting than they have seen this time in China.

Of course any man will fight against the invasion of his own country, but you must remember that in the interior of China are millions of peaceful people who do not even know that there is a war in progress. We have as yet only 40,000 regular troops, and all the rest are irregular fighters. But even these 40,000 are poorly paid, and we have no pension system. They are poorly equipped and poorly drilled. Just wait until the allies have established garrisons—in Tien-Tsin, for instance. Then you will see our people taking careful note of all that goes on. They will organize; they will drill; they will copy modern methods and arm themselves in modern style, and, in the end, they will overthrow and massacre any garrison, however strong. The European nations cannot place strong enough garrisons to hold down these millions of people. They may hold them now, just for a little, but as soon as the Chinese shall be sufficiently civilized foreign occupation will not only be impossible, but the Orientals will be a menace to Europe itself.

I believe that the allies themselves will see this, and that they will acknowledge the futility of attempting to hold this immense country. As soon as one province shall be subdued another will rise, and so on throughout the eighteen, when it will be time to begin over again. It does not require a statesman to see the futility of that. It can never be accomplished—not with millions of men nor with millions of money, nor, I was going to say, in a million of years. The result of all this will be that the allies will, in time, withdraw, after exacting suitable indemnities. In return, the Chinese government will demand and secure suitable restrictions to govern foreign missionaries. There will

(Continued on page 318.)

The Passing of John Sherman.

FOR more years than most men live John Sherman was one of the great, dominant factors in our American national life. Politically, he was the grand old man of the generation. No other man of our time had so nearly reached the Webster-Clay-Sumner-Calhoun level. For more than forty-three years Mr. Sherman had been close to the helm of the ship of state; in many of the worst storms he had taken the wheel and brought the noble craft safely through.

Only one other man in American history—Justin S. Morrill, of Vermont—had been longer in national office. Messrs. Sherman and Morrill began together by entering the House of Representatives in 1855. One year later Mr. Sherman had become prominent enough to be one of the committee of three appointed by Speaker Banks to investigate the outrages on the Kansas-Missouri border. In 1858 Mr. Sherman was his party's candidate for speaker of the House. He was defeated through the fact that the Know-nothings held the balance of power in that branch of Congress. It was Mr. Morrill who originated the famous tariff bill of 1860 that bore his name. It was Sherman whose able, aggressive speeches carried this first of all Republican tariff measures through the House. The bill did not pass the Senate until early in 1861, after the Southern men had left Congress; it was signed by Buchanan only two days before he went out of office.

Mr. Sherman's profound grasp of revenue and financial matters resulted in his choice as the man best fitted to represent Ohio in the Senate, which he entered in the strenuous times of 1861. He served conspicuously in the Senate, and for a longer period than any other American has done, his aggregate length of service as Senator falling but half a month short of thirty-two years. It fell to this superlative financial legislator to frame the gold-resumption law of 1875, and he energetically fought it through the higher house. By a stroke of poetic lightning he became Secretary of the Treasury in President Hayes's Cabinet, and as such it devolved upon him to put his own bill into operation.

That period was one of the great crises in our national history. There was a general fear that there would be but a fraction of the gold needed for the resumption of specie payments. As far back as 1875, when the bill was trembling in the Congressional balance, a New York banker declared that he would give \$1,000,000 for the privilege of being first in line at the Treasury window on the morning of January 1st, 1879, the day set for gold resumption. Upon Mr. Sherman's assumption of the Treasury portfolio in 1877 he had begun to collect all the gold he could get, and by his administration of his office he had done so much to strengthen public confidence that on resumption day our entire currency touched the gold basis, and has remained there ever since.

When, in 1897, Mr. Sherman became President McKinley's Secretary of State, there were whisperings that it was but the prelude to his retirement from public life. Mr. Sherman's friends have ever been bitter over his withdrawal from the Senate, claiming that it was brought about merely to make a place for Mr. Hanna, and that the accomplishment of the design was one of the tragedies of politics. Mr. Sherman's career began with the birth of the Republican party in 1854. Few people stop to realize that this illustrious man was a luminous national figure before Mr. Bryan was born, and at a time when President McKinley and Mr. Hanna were solving boyhood's troubles. The venerable Congressman Grow, of Pennsylvania, is the only American living who was prominent in national life when John Sherman began his grand career in the arena of politics.

What It Costs To Be a World Power.

IT is estimated by the naval bureau chiefs at Washington that the expenditure for construction of new vessels, for the repair of old ones, and for improvement of navy-yards will, in the coming year, amount to about \$20,000,000. The support of the naval establishment in the aggregate is, of course, far in excess of this figure.

The war in Cuba and in the Philippines has increased the expenditures of the government to a much larger degree than is commonly supposed. In the fiscal year 1897, the latest year before the beginning of the Cuban war, the cost of the War Department was, in round figures, \$49,000,000, and that of the Navy Department in the same year was \$35,000,000. In the fiscal year 1898 the War Department cost \$92,000,000 and the Navy Department \$59,000,000. In 1899 the expenditure for the former was \$230,000,000 and for the latter \$64,000,000. The burden of the two departments in 1900 will probably be fully as high as it was last year.

In order to meet part of the increased expenditure which the Spanish war would necessarily entail, the Treasury, at the beginning of the war in 1898, borrowed \$200,000,000 on bonds. This amount was raised promptly. The aggregate offers to the government, in fact, were about \$1,400,000,000, or seven times the amount asked and accepted. The entire ordinary expenditures of the government in 1897 were \$365,000,000, while they were \$605,000,000 in 1899. If any more money were required to be borrowed, of course it could be obtained now even more quickly than in 1898. All this is gratifying. Nevertheless, these figures prove that wars, as the United States wages them, are very costly. World power comes high.

Along to the end of the present calendar year, on December 31st, 1900, the wars which started in April, 1898, will probably have cost the United States \$500,000,000. There will be a little reduction in the army expenditures before long, for under the present laws the army would have to be reduced to about 28,000 by July 1st, 1901. Some new legislation, it is likely, will be had in the coming short session to prevent an immediate drop to the 28,000 mark. Probably the army will be fixed temporarily at 75,000 or thereabouts, which General Miles has often recommended, which will be a reduction of 25,000 from the existing total of regulars and volunteers. The new army legislation, if enacted in the coming winter, will go into operation on July 1st next.

In any case there is likely to be a considerable decline in army expenditures unless the United States should happen to get drawn into further trouble on account of China, and the

present adjustment and the attitude of the administration make this eventuality very improbable. This shrinkage in the government's outgo will permit a curtailment in its income, and this will necessitate a discontinuance of the war taxes. Most of these taxes are burdensome and exasperating. The country submitted to them under the pressure of actual and imperious necessity. They should be abolished the first moment that they can be dispensed with.

The Plain Truth.

THE Chinese government announces that in order to make things agreeable all around it will promptly cut off the heads of a few designated presidents and assistant grand secretaries, with the intimation that more may be had if wanted. With a population of four hundred millions, including some thousands of presidents and assistant secretaries, China can afford, of course, to be generous in this matter of heads. But the trouble with this magnanimous offer seems to be that the chief mischief-makers, such as the Empress Dowager and Prince Tuan, are left out of the list of persons to be decapitated. They might at least promise to cut off the dowager's royal powers and prerogatives. That would not hurt her much and it would do China an immense amount of good.

At least one good deed must be credited even by his enemies to Senator Hanna, and that is the settlement of the strike of over 150,000 workers in the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania. Secretary Perry S. Heath, of the Republican National Committee, whose word is good, is authority for the statement that Senator Hanna, after hearing the grievance of the miners and being profoundly impressed by their statements, declared that he would do his best to bring about an agreement. He heard the other side and exerted all his influence to secure the concessions the miners asked. That influence was potential, and a strike, which bade fair to be one of the most prolonged, bitter, and expensive of any that has ever occurred in this country, was brought to the point of settlement within a few weeks after it had commenced. Men who are able to accomplish such tasks have ability that deserves public recognition.

The saying of some alleged wisecracks that corporations have no souls has been disproved again in a striking way by the experience at Galveston. Such prompt, generous, and effective service was rendered to that stricken and suffering city by the railroads and the express, telegraph, and telephone companies that the chairman of the Galveston relief committee has felt called upon to pay to these companies a special and hearty tribute of thanks. "There is no way," he says, "to estimate the amount of free service given by these great corporations to the sufferers on the coast, nor to place a cash value upon it. It is safe to say, however, that in the aggregate, estimated according to current tariffs, they have given to Galveston and the stricken coast towns the equivalent of not less than \$1,000,000." This large generosity on the part of great corporations is no new thing. No calamity has visited any part of the world in recent times which has not witnessed a similar outpouring of gifts of money and service from this same quarter. It was the same at the time of the Chicago fire and the Johnstown flood. The fact that the chief contribution of an express company, for example, in such an emergency is in the shape of the free transportation of supplies does not lessen its money value, although the gift does not show in the cash column of the relief fund.

New York is rapidly becoming the banking centre of the world. Ten years ago Mulhall, that indefatigable British statistician, read something of the warning in the stars. He then announced that the banking resources of the United States, embracing capital stock, right of issue, and deposits, amounted to \$5,000,000,000, while the United Kingdom could show but \$4,500,000,000. In the last decade such enormous strides have been made that, while the banking power of the United Kingdom is now equal to \$7,200,000,000, the banking strength of this country is \$8,663,000,000, or a lead over our next competitor in the money world of more than \$1,400,000,000. In line with these startling statements is the fact that between 1896 and 1899 the number of savings-bank depositors has increased by some 600,000 men, women, and children, while the amount of money on deposit in savings-banks has grown in the same three years by \$323,000,000. As it is well known that wealthy people prefer investments for their capital, and that savings-bank accounts are owned mainly by people who toil for a living, the inference is indisputable that the masses of our population are sharing in the onward march that is making us the wealthiest of nations and New York the centre of the world's finance.

It was a foregone conclusion that great dissatisfaction would arise from the selection of the names adjudged worthy to be inscribed in the projected Hall of Fame in New York. The 100 judges who passed upon the names were doubtless as competent as any equal number of men to be found in America, and the contest was as free and fair as such a competition possibly could be, and yet the result will not be accepted without many doubts and questionings. Of the twenty-nine men who received a sufficient number of votes to entitle them to a place on the tablets of the hall, probably ten, including Washington, Lincoln, Webster, Franklin, Marshall, Jefferson, Grant, Emerson, Longfellow, and Irving, would go there by practically unanimous consent; but as to the other nineteen an honest difference of opinion might exist. These nineteen are: Jonathan Edwards, David G. Farragut, Samuel F. B. Morse, Henry Clay, George Peabody, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Robert E. Lee, Peter Cooper, Horace Mann, Henry Ward Beecher, Eli Whitney, James Kent, Joseph Story, John Adams, William Ellery Channing, John James Audubon, William Morris Hunt, Gilbert Stuart, Asa Gray. It would not be difficult to make up a list of names equally eminent that were left out. No American woman, it appears, came anywhere near election. Other names to the number of twenty will be chosen probably two years hence, and additions by groups of five in every fifth year will in time carry the roll up to 150. It is extremely doubtful whether this Valhalla will ever be a popular institution in America. The idea of setting up a specific roll of names in an arbitrary way or general admiration does not commend itself to the American mind.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—ONE of the most tragic affairs of the entire campaign in the Philippine Islands was the death of Captain McQuiston at the hands of his own men, not long ago. The details of the terrible tragedy have not arrived by mail, but the cabled accounts say that his own soldiers did it in self-defense, though it seems incredible that no other manner of overcoming the most violently insane person could be found. A cool head could have certainly averted the tragedy by disabling with a shot if necessary. Captain McQuiston served throughout the Cuban campaign with the highest honor, being in the Fourth United States Infantry at the time, and he received an honorable mention and a brevet for his work during the battle of El Caney, where he was exceptionally



CAPTAIN MCQUISTON, KILLED BY HIS OWN SOLDIERS.

prominent, for distinguished bravery. He was a man of powerful build, being over six feet in height. The fever, which was the cause of his mental delirium, seemed to attack this great build, as it peculiarly does even more than smaller men, and his death was the sad result. In his delirium he sought to kill all about him, and was finally shot in self-defense. He leaves a wife and two small children.

—While the world's attention is centred on China, and much of that interest lies in what Count von Waldersee, the famous



COUNTESS VON WALTERSEE, THE AMERICAN WIFE OF THE COMMANDER OF THE ALLIED FORCES IN CHINA.

German general who commands the allied forces in China, will do, all Americans will be interested in the count's sweet American wife. The countess was a New York girl, Marie Esther Lee by name, but early elected to live abroad. She scored a quick and emphatic success in continental capitals, and at Paris, 1864, at the age of twenty-seven, she was wedded to Prince Frederic of Noel, who was then sixty-five years of age. He died within a year. There then followed nine years of life in the various capitals of Europe. Suitors there were in plenty, but none to the taste of the princess until the Count von

Waldersee began to pay court. They were wedded in 1874. From the first, with the peculiar tact and character which American women in famous international marriages have almost invariably shown, the countess has exercised a strong controlling influence over her distinguished husband's private and public life. She has been for more than twenty years a notable figure in the court circles of Berlin. Men in public life whom the countess has emphatically distrusted have had little chance to meet with official favor from her husband. She is a shrewd and observing partner, and as the pair have had no children, the countess has always been able to give herself unreservedly to her husband's society and affairs.

Aerial navigation has been for ages the dream of man. During this last century there have been occasional flashes of



COUNT ZEPPELIN, INVENTOR OF A REAL FLYING-MACHINE.

evidence that mankind was nearing the realization of this hope, though most experiments have shared more or less the fate of the famous essay of Darius Green. Balloons we have had in plenty, but real flying-machines, capable of navigating the upper atmosphere as a ship cleaves the ocean waves, have remained a dream until very recently. The value of such flying-machines in war has been a very attractive quantity, and has directed to them the attention of men of military occupation. Count Zeppelin, who holds the rank of general in the German army, appears to have solved the momentous

problem, and his solution, if such it proves to be, will be alike worthy of the needs of war or peace. The count served, without rank and in a private capacity, with our troops in the Civil War. When the Franco-German war broke out, a few years later, he won fame as a contriver of reconnaissances. More recently he found occupation as a member of the staff of the King of Wurtemberg. During the last few years Count Zeppelin has turned his thoughts in the direction of flying-machines. He spent \$125,000 on his experiments, with such results that he interested a syndicate in investing \$250,000 more. Early in July of the present year the count made a successful trip in his ship from Friedrichshafen to Immenstadt. More recently, on October 17th, he made another trial in the same locality, with more notable success than before. After rising, the air-ship remained poised at a height of nearly 2,000 feet for three quarters of an hour. It then made a series of tacks and performed various manoeuvres, after which it steered against the wind. It finally headed toward Immenstadt, where the inventor landed, after a trip which lasted about an hour. It would thus seem that the problem of sailing through the air has been solved. The count's first experiment in aeronautics resulted in a successful ascent in a balloon while serving with the Northern troops in the Civil War. Ever since then he has been interested in the subject, and forty years of absorbed interest along one line is surely worthy of the best of triumphs.

—Although a thinly-populated State, with no large cities, Vermont has been remarkably prolific in distinguished states-



THE HON. WILLIAM PAUL DILLINGHAM, THE NEW UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM VERMONT.

men and brave and sturdy American citizens. From the day of Ethan Allen down to the present time this record has been true. To go no farther back than the present generation, the old Green Mountain State has had among its representatives at Washington such men as George F. Edmunds and Justin S. Morrill, both leaders and statesmen who have left a deep and lasting impress upon the life and thought of their time. The friends of ex-Governor William P. Dillingham, who has just been elected to the United States Senate to succeed Mr. Morrill, believe that he will maintain the high standard set by his predecessors. His public career thus far certainly justifies that expectation. Mr. Dillingham was Governor of Vermont from 1888 to 1890, was born at Waterbury in that State in 1843. After an academic education he studied law with his brother-in-law, the late Senator Matt H. Carpenter, of Wisconsin, and then with his father, Governor Paul Dillingham, at Waterbury. He was admitted to the Vermont Bar in 1867. Five years later he was elected State's attorney for Washington County, a post which he held for two terms. In 1876 and 1884 he was a member of the Vermont House of Representatives, and was a State Senator in 1878 and 1880. Mr. Dillingham was elected Governor in 1888 by the largest majority ever given in the State up to that time. Since retiring from that office he has engaged in the practice of the law, being the senior member of the firm of Dillingham, Huse & Howland, of Montpelier. He is also president of the Waterbury National Bank.

—It has been a fad for years with some people of leisure and self imagined democracy or interest in sociology to go "slum-



THE REV. CHARLES L. MERRIAM, WHO TRIED A QUEER EXPERIMENT.

ming." Such excursions, when they last but a night, and are followed by a bath and repose in a sweet, fresh bed, result in satisfying a good deal of morbid curiosity, but little is gained in knowledge of the real social condition of the "submerged" classes. Early in the summer Rev. Charles L. Merriam, of the Highland Congregational Church, Lowell, Mass., was granted a vacation. Attired in an old suit and a flannel shirt, with his traveling necessities rolled in a blanket, he spent a day around the docks in Boston, then took passage on a boat bound to Portland, Me. Next, by an "outside" steamer, he came from Portland to New York, next to Troy, N. Y., by a river-boat, and thence to Buffalo by canal boat. On this latter part of the trip he lived among the drivers and tillermen, sleeping in their bunks and eating their food. At all times he mingled with the men, did not tell them that he was a clergyman, and observed all their ways. The canal men from Troy to Buffalo he found in a deplorable condition, due mostly to drink, but also to the fact that they are employed by "trips" or only ten days at a time. He found no Young Men's Christian Association or Bethel institutions for these men, who, he thinks, would climb higher with a helping hand. On the lake boats he found a higher grade of men, and considers the longshoremen of Cleveland and Detroit much in advance of those of other places. The lowest strata of sailormen he found on the freight boats of Lake Michigan. From that part of the country the Rev. Mr. Merriam went to Colorado, tramped through the Rockies, and studied the dwellers in close touch. These people he found to be the best, mentally and morally, that he had encountered. Mr. Merriam, who left Lowell in poor health and returned from his

trip in robust condition, was born in Meriden, Conn.; was graduated in 1875 from the Hopkins Grammar School, New Haven; was a classmate of Lieutenant-Governor Woodruff in Yale, 1879, and came out of Andover Theological Seminary in 1882. He has held pastorates in Kingston, Mass.; Paterson, N. J., and Lowell, Mass.

—Uncle Sam has formally received into his service, as a United States mail-carrier, the eighteen-year-old daughter of a



MISS DORA WOLFE, THE ONLY FEMALE LETTER-CARRIER IN THE UNITED STATES.

West Virginia farmer. Miss Dora Wolfe had served a little apprenticeship to the duties with which she is now officially invested, by carrying the mail between Ripley and Sandyville, W. Va., during the illness of the former postman, and when the latter resigned she made successful application for the vacant position. The trip which she must make daily—one journey each way—between the above-named points is through a somewhat lonely region. Miss Wolfe makes it upon horseback. As her father, besides being a farmer, conducts a livery-stable, she has good mounts at her disposal, and carries always two bags of mail. People have not yet quite accustomed themselves to the sight of the young letter-carrier as she passes daily by their fields and farm-houses from her home at Ripley and back again. No one would doubt the chivalry of the West Virginian mountaineers, especially when a handsome girl is concerned, but Miss Dora Wolfe always goes armed when she transports the United States mails in her charge, if merely as a measure of ordinary precaution.

—Wars and general elections in Great Britain have diverted attention from an important event, the departure of the hand-



THE EARL OF HOPETOUN, FIRST GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE NEW COMMONWEALTH OF AUSTRALIA.

some young Earl of Hopetoun to become the first Governor-General of the newly constituted Australian commonwealth. For about all practical purposes he becomes the first king of a country only half a million square miles smaller than the United States, and having a population less than half a million smaller than that of the Dominion of Canada. He will appoint the cabinet, call and prorogue Parliament, and sign or veto bills, drawing therefor a salary of \$50,000 a year. They are highly independent and democratic out in Australia, and will stand no nonsense, but luckily the Earl of Hopetoun is as tactful as he is rich and good-looking. Many American social aspirants have come in contact with him, for he was the Queen's lord chamberlain until she gave him the present appointment, and in that former capacity he had to say who should and who should not be presented at her Majesty's drawing-room. He was very strict, and many are the ambitious folk from whom he has withheld the light of the Queen's countenance.

—The appointment of Walter J. Raley to be postmaster of Kent, O., established a new record in the matter of age. Mr.



WALTER J. RALEY, THE YOUNGEST POSTMASTER IN THE UNITED STATES.

Raley is the youngest postmaster ever given office by the department. It is even asserted that he is the most youthful incumbent of any similar position in the world. He completed his twenty-third year only last month. When he was two years old he was taken to Kent to become one of its permanent residents, and received his education in its public schools. For the last six years Mr. Raley has been an employé of the local post-office at Kent, and for two years held the position of clerk under Postmaster W. W. Patton. When the latter was succeeded by E. E. France he made Mr. Raley his deputy. The expiration of Mr. France's term, some time ago, was the signal for a stiff competition for the postmastership, there being at one period as many as eleven candidates. The fight began more than a year ago, and was vigorously prosecuted until, when the number of competitors had been reduced to four, the matter was decided by the action of Congressman Dick, who recommended the appointment of Mr. Raley. The place is worth \$1,800 a year.

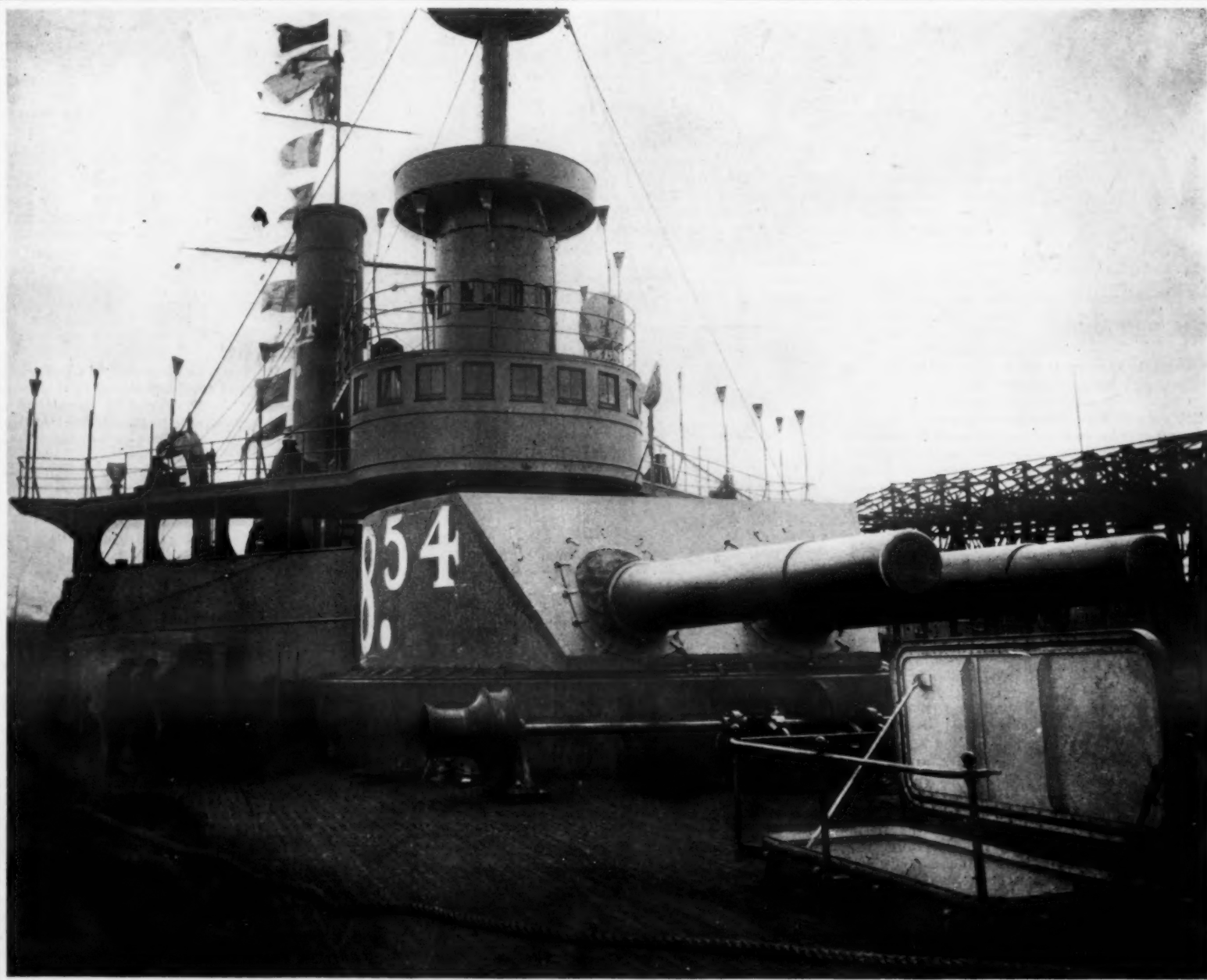


A STERN VIEW OF THE FAMOUS BATTLE-SHIP, SHOWING HER HUGE PROPELLERS.



THE "KENTUCKY'S" FORMIDABLE BOW. INTENDED FOR RAMMING—MESS PENNANT FLYING FROM THE FOREYARD.

THE "KENTUCKY," QUEEN OF OUR ASIATIC FLEET.—Photographed for "Leslie's Weekly" by Our Staff Photographer.—[SEE PAGE 319.]



THE FASTEST BATTLE-SHIP IN THE WORLD.
THE "WISCONSIN" WITH HER WINNING NUMBER PAINTED ON THE TURRET.—[SEE PAGE 319.]



THE TWO ORPHANS !—*Fred Rhein, Belleville, Ill.*



TWO LITTLE DEARS FEEDING THREE BIG DEERS.
R. A. Stafford, Milwaukee, Wis.



(THE PRIZE-WINNER) STOLEN SWEETS THE SWEETEST.—*H. M. Keal, Dexter, Mich.*



FEMALE OSTRICH TURNING HER EGGS. SOME OF WHICH HAVE JUST BEEN HATCHED.
Roscoe E. Woods, Phoenix, Ariz.



A TUG OF WAR
J. W. Sperry, Oakland, R. I.

CUTE ANIMAL PICTURES SNAPPED BY AMATEURS IN OUR PRIZE CONTESTS—MICHIGAN WINS.

[SEE OFFERS OF VARIOUS SPECIAL PRIZES IN OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC ANNOUNCEMENT ELSEWHERE IN THIS ISSUE.]

A Famous War Correspondent.

HOW SYDNEY ADAMSON GOT TO CHINA, IN SPITE OF ALL DIFFICULTIES—HIS LIFE IN CAMP AND ON THE MARCH.

THE best type of war correspondent to-day rides with the advanced column of the army. He is up two or three hours before daylight, snatching a bite or two of hard-tack and bacon, loading his pack animal with indispensable supplies.



SYDNEY ADAMSON, THE SPECIAL ARTIST OF "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" IN PEKING.

An hour or more before daylight he is in saddle, riding off at the head of the column with the commanding officer. As the first gray of day shows in the sky the advancing troops are discovered. There is a strenuous dash under fire to get as near as possible to the enemy before the troops are compelled to lie down and return the fire.

The correspondent is with these men. There is death all around him; men still alive, but shattered by bullet and shell, are being borne to the rear. Enlisted men are sternly ordered by their officers to lie down and

shelter themselves in this inferno of death, but the correspondent is on his feet making snap-shot photographs of the chaotic scenes around him; he is equally a target with the officers for the bullets of the enemy's sharpshooters. If there is a charge forward the correspondent goes with the line. In the clash of steel the correspondent divides his time between shooting his revolver and his camera. When the day's bloody work is over, sitting near a poor light, the correspondent, if he is also an artist, spends most of the night drawing the thrilling scenes he has shared in through the day.

Such an artist and correspondent is Sydney Adamson, of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*, now with our army in China. Mr. Adamson was in Manila when he received a cable order from *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* to get to China in time to join the American troops in the march on Tien-Tsin and Peking. He found that he could sail shortly by a steamer bound to Hong-Kong. Thence it would be easy to get to Shanghai. Beyond there all depended on chance. Mr. Adamson thereupon sought General MacArthur, requesting permission to go on the transport *Logan* with the Ninth Infantry. The permission was granted, then rescinded until it was decided just what was to be granted to correspondents. Despite the discouragement and suspense, Mr. Adamson went on getting together and condensing his field outfit. This work he alternated with frequent daily trips to the palace in the walled city of Manila. The news from headquarters was discouraging, but it was the last chance to get to China in time, and our correspondent persisted. After being held up five days he received final permission and went aboard the *Logan*.

From the moment of landing in China until the tragic 13th of July at Tien-Tsin Mr. Adamson was the inseparable companion of the late General Liscum. He accompanied the American commander to every scene and meeting of importance, caught every phase of the daily life of the troops, and yet found or made time to observe the other troops of the allies. He was not far from Liscum when the latter was killed, and saw and recorded with pen, brush, and camera all the splendidly-heroic work done by the Ninth that day. His work, both artistic and literary, has been, beyond question, the best that has come out of China to the American illustrated press.

Yet people who have studied his pictures and thrilled over his accounts of American daring have probably not paused to comprehend that they were looking at the work of a man who had endured all the rigors of hardship and performed all the daring of heroism in order to lay before the readers of *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* the first and best results. Lieutenant Louis B. Lawton, one of the Ninth's wounded heroes, who has returned to this country, believes that there was no braver man at Tien-Tsin than Sydney Adamson. "He was under fire all day long," said the officer to a reporter of the *Auburn (N. Y.) Bulletin*; "he was all over the field and absolutely fearless, and the wonder is he wasn't killed. His pictures and his story of the fight should be the best."

After the entry of the allies into Tien-Tsin Mr. Adamson, though for a long time a campaigner in the Philippines, fell prey at last to a virulent attack of malaria. This was in part

due to the fact that, oppressed by the heat—105 degrees in the shade—and suffering from the thirst that always comes from being in the thick of great discharges of gunpowder, the correspondent was glad to drink even the foul water of the moat. Dysentery followed promptly. Racked with fever, Mr. Adamson crawled about, doing a little work now and a little work then, but suffering torment all the time. The fever resulted in a temporary eye-trouble that threatened a total stoppage of his work, yet with splendid grit he kept on, and succeeded in getting through his incomparable sketches and admirable descriptions. Before going on with the allies from Tien-Tsin to Peking he wrote, with soldierly laconism: "If I get 'lost' for a time, don't mind that. I'll turn up again."

It is interesting to know how the correspondent lives and works in the field. Mr. Adamson succeeded in getting transportation to China for his favorite Filipino saddle pony. He is often in saddle, or walking by his pony's side, fifteen to twenty hours a day, even though weak from the inevitable camp illnesses. His coolie servant leads a pack-pony and a pack-mule. In front of Mr. Adamson's saddle hangs a unique contrivance consisting of two outer tubes slung in panier fashion. Inside of each of these are four inner tubes, each containing paper and cardboard for drawings. These inner tubes are already addressed for mailing to *LESLIE'S WEEKLY*. Stamps, pencils, paint, and brushes are carried, and our artist, in going to Tien-Tsin, had artistic materials enough for six months of hard work. While in Tien-Tsin, President Charles D. Tenney courteously gave Mr. Adamson spacious headquarters at the university.

These drawing materials have right of way over all other baggage, but there are many other things that must be carried—clothing and extra shoes, ammunition, blankets, food, and a small shelter-tent. It is the coolie's work to look after these, to find water and forage for the horses, to pitch tent, tether the animals at night and lead them by day, and to cook his employer's food. It is a rough, hard, out-of-door life, with constant and deadly danger.

The Little Church Back Home.

When the big pipe organ's swelling an' the city choir sings,
An' you almos' hear the swishin' of the lovin' angels' wings,
An' the congregation's musin' on the piousness for to sin,
Sort o' leanin' listless, waitin' for the preacher to begin;
In that holy hush it happens that I clean forget the place,
An' again I'm meek an' lowly 'fore a throne o' savin' grace;
A throne that wasn't nestlin' 'neath a spire or a dome,
But the sinners sought their Saviour in that little church back home.

When we had protracted meetin's, why 'twould done you good to hear
The congregation singin' with a blend o' voices clear.

How the "Rock o' Ages" towered like a shelt'rin' sort o' wall,
An' our souls soared up to glory since the Rock was cleft for all.
Ev'ry face was wreathed with sweetness, an' we always had a smile
For the stranger, saint or sinner, in the pew across the aisle;
For a diamond's often gathered from the commonest of loam,
An' we didn't mind the settin' in the little church back home.

There were weddin's where the neighbors gathered in from far an' wide,
An' the boys looked on in envy while their sisters kissed the bride;

There were fun'rals too, where neighbors didn't feel ashamed to cry
When they laid to rest the sleeper in the little yard close by.
Each pew seems sort o' sacred, an' the lowly 'lupit there
'Pears like a holy gateway to a firmament that's fair;
Where the sweet, supernal sunshine softly scatters sorrow's gloam
An' lets us enter heaven from the little church back home.

The city choir's voices rise in cadences so sweet,
As they sing about the river where the sainted ones shall meet,
An' the preacher's voice is pleadin' as he asks us, soft an' low,
To treat all men as brothers in this weary vale of woe.
This city church is handsome an' the congregation's large,
The preacher's doin' nobly with his heaven-seekin' charge,
The choir's swellin' anthems soar to heaven through the dome,
But my old heart is sighin' for the little church back home.

ROY FARRELL GREENE

A Chinese Statesman's Solemn Warning.

(Continued from page 314.)

have to be an international agreement as to what a missionary may and may not do, for this is the root of the whole matter. These good people are all right, but their zeal sometimes carries them away. A business man will be zealous, but when it is a matter of conscience a zealot knows no bounds. Now the religion of the Chinese is dear to them, and occasionally there is a bad missionary, or an indiscreet one. The result is friction, which becomes something worse in time. Missionaries will doubtless continue to come, but they must be governed by suitable rules and stay within these bounds. Otherwise there will be constant trouble.

What the allies want is the trade of China, but if they civilize the Chinese to the point where they will need and demand all the Western products they must know the result. They will be bringing into life a force which they cannot subdue. This phase of the problem is not new to Europe. They have thought and worried about it before.

Going back to the religious question—you think that you are right, of course, and that you have the true religion. Well, so do we. It must be remembered that China is a very old country, with the oldest civilization in the world, and you cannot fit a new religion on an old country all at a bound. Religion is a matter of growth and evolution, and—well, we have grown on our own lines. It is very easy to say, "You are wrong. You must think thus and so," but vital problems are not settled in that way. The missionaries, for instance, preach in China that polygamy is a sin and that there must be only one wife. But they have, apparently, never taken into consideration the fact that in China there are more than five times as many women as men. We used to drown our girl babies, but the civilized world was horrified at such barbarity. We did it to keep down the number of superfluous women. What shall we do with this surplus of women if one man takes care of but one? There is not work enough in all China for these superfluous women to do, and the moral condition that would result if

each man were restricted to one wife would be such as to poison any government to its roots. I am not arguing the ethical side of this subject, but I am merely saying that here is a great practical question, and saying that it is a sin will not solve it. I have only taken this as an example. There are many other such questions.

Reform is progressing in China—or was, at the time of the outbreak of present hostilities. Several reform edicts had been issued, and some of them had been carried into effect. For instance, there had been an imperial edict to the effect that all Chinese officials who were familiar with the various European tongues should translate European scientific works into Chinese—works on mining and engineering and kindred subjects. The intention was to introduce these books into the examinations, so that the learning upon which the government of China is based—the oldest civil service in the world—should become more largely scientific and less exclusively moral.

Americans imagine that the bulk of the Chinese are entirely ignorant. That is not true. Each Chinese man, no matter how poor, goes to school perhaps four or five years during his life. But this schooling, instead of being lessons in sums and spelling and reading, is moral, as opposed to scientific, training. Almost every man, with a few exceptions of very small classes, such as convicts, the lowest class of menial servants, monks, and actors, are eligible to take the examinations which admit a man to the governmental service. But I do not believe that China will come into her own until her women are educated as well as her men. A nation which secludes its women loses half the power of which it is capable. Boys inherit from their mothers more, perhaps, than from their fathers, and while the women of a nation are kept like children you cannot expect it to progress as the other nations do. The progress of a nation is measured by the status of its women. My father was the first man who ever divided his fortune between his daughters and his sons. In China girls are always ignored in the distribution of estates. But he believed that his daughters had an equal right.

To sum up, China is a tremendous force, dormant now, but she is exceedingly quick to learn and amazingly intelligent and imitative. Her people love their country more, perhaps, than any other nation in the world. They have not yet been stirred, and they do not understand true fighting methods; but when they do, look out, for there will be a new force in the world, and if the Powers remain in China, whose territory they seem to covet, they will rouse a force which not all the power in the world can put to sleep again. The allies make a great mistake if they think that China will tamely or ultimately submit to being sliced up. She is dazed now, but she will awaken, and nothing in the world can stop her then.

A Coming Notable Anniversary.

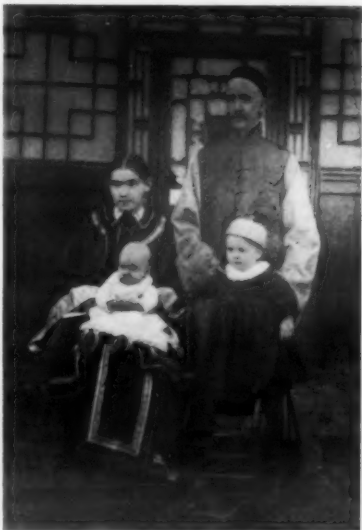
No man in the United States is more interested in the preparations now making for the observance of the semi-centennial, next year, of the organization of the Young Men's Christian Association in North America than United States Senator Chauncey Depew. The first Young Men's Christian Association in North America was founded in Montreal, December 9th, 1851, and the first in the United States was established in Boston, December 29th of the same year, only three weeks later. The originators of the Boston association knew nothing of the association in Montreal for more than two years.

Senator Depew has taken a special interest in the railroad work of the organization since its beginning in 1872, or for nearly a generation. He has been a frequent orator at Young Men's Christian Association meetings and anniversaries. He has not been controlled by moral and religious motives only, nor even chiefly, but by self-interested business considerations. On this ground, and on this ground alone, railway officials are justified in making appropriations for Young Men's Christian Association buildings, secretaries, and other agents and agencies of administration. It is customary now on many railway lines to put the secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association on the pay-roll, and to contribute wholly or in large part for Young Men's Christian Association buildings.

Toward the close of last year seventy-five per cent. of \$75,000 was contributed by railroad companies for eight Young Men's Christian Association buildings, which were opened free from debt. There are six international Young Men's Christian Association secretaries now in the railroad department, and there are 151 railroad associations. Their membership is 32,000; they employ 168 general and assistant secretaries, and fifty-five buildings are either owned or set apart for the Young Men's Christian Association railway associations. A saloon-keeper reported that his receipts were reduced from \$3,000 to \$700 per month after the opening of one of these buildings. The current annual appropriations for such work by railway corporations amounts to \$175,000.

This is commercialism at its best, although acting confessedly from business motives. The statistics of the Young Men's Christian Association work during the Cuban and Philippine wars have just been issued. Within two months after the beginning of the war for the freedom of Cuba there were in operation no less than forty regimental and brigade tents, with good all-round association equipments, and in charge of sixty trained secretaries. Tents and secretaries followed the soldiers to Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines, as many as ninety tents being in operation, under the supervision of 175 secretaries. The tents were large and airy, generally forty by sixty feet in size. Facilities for correspondence were given free, nearly 4,000,000 sheets of letter-paper with envelopes being furnished, for some time at a cost of \$1,000 per week, and ice-water at an expense of \$100 per day. Sixty thousand Testaments, as many of the army and navy song-books, 10,000 medical rules for camp life, and tons of tracts, books, and magazines were distributed.

During the last year more than twenty-five tons of stationery and reading-matter have been sent to the soldiers in the



PRESIDENT CHARLES D. TENNEY AND FAMILY, OF THE IMPERIAL UNIVERSITY, TIEN-TSIN, IN CHINESE COSTUME.

Philippines. Auxiliary associations are now formed on battle-ships. The fever for athletics is felt by the Young Men's Christian Association, as it has been by all educational institutions for one sex or both sexes. But the fever is regulated, because the gymnasium work and various sports are guided by trained physical directors. Often a gymnasium Bible class is conducted, composed of members of the department and taught by the physical director. Such work appeals to men as men, regardless of their religious views or habits. Renewed interest in the work of the Young Men's Christian Association is sure to be awakened within the next year.

JAMES H. ROSS.

The Largest Schooners in the World.

CAMDEN, Me., has given to the American merchant marine a monster six-masted schooner and the longest vessel of her class in the world, the *George E. Wells*. It is 345 feet in length, or as long as a good-sized ocean steamship. She has a gross tonnage of 2,970, and in this respect, too, compares favorably with the steam freighters. She will carry a 5,000-ton burden of coal. One of her anchors weighs 8,200 pounds, and another 7,500. Each of the six masts is 119 feet high, with fifty-eight feet of top-mast added. When all sails are set the *Wells* will have 12,000 yards of the heaviest duck flung to the breeze. The state-rooms are finished in sycamore, ash, and cherry; they are luxuriously furnished, and steam heat, hot and cold water, and electric bells are features. The cabin is connected with the other two deck-houses by telephone. An enormous keelson, thirteen feet high, and seventeen feet high forward, will give the schooner great strength and "backbone" in the hardest blow.

Not willing to be out-classed in the construction of six-stickers, a Bath (Me.) yard has launched the *Eleanor A. Percy*, 323.5 feet long and with a gross tonnage of 3,402. She will likewise be fitted with all the latest appliances, and will have cost, by the time she is ready to sail, \$140,000. It was not so many years ago that the first four-masted schooners were looked upon as marine wonders. After them came the five-stickers, and now we have craft under six poles. Seven- and eight-masters will be next in order as problems for Yankee ship-builders.

and her maximum speed—18.54—was painted all over her. On her return trip up the coast she made within half a knot of her required speed all the way. The water-front was black with people to see her come in, and Irving M. Scott, her builder, was deluged with official and unofficial telegrams of congratulation. The *Wisconsin* needs but a little painting and a few finishing touches before she will be ready to turn over to the government.

M. C. C.

The Forbidden City, the Home of "The Solitary Man."

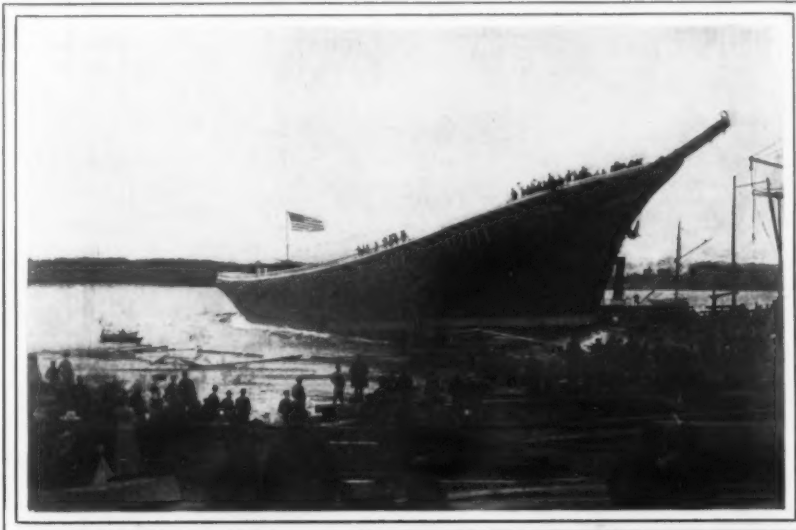
THE Tartar city of Peking is really an old Mongol encampment, the walls of the cities lying within each other being intended merely to render secure the palace of the Emperor, which stands in the heart of the innermost city. This inner city, called by the Chinese, the Kin-cheng, or "prohibited city," is that famous inclosure known familiarly among foreigners as the "forbidden city." Its massive walls rise abruptly from a moat which surrounds it, and which is kept filled with water from the magnificent Black Dragon springs, which lie in the mountains about ten miles north of the city, and from which it is conducted by a substantial aqueduct called by the Chinese the Tung-hwui River. This aqueduct, or river, and the moat which surrounds the city are full of the most splendid lotos that, when in blossom, presents a scene of exquisite beauty.

The forbidden city, to whose sacred walls one-fourth of the entire population of the earth looks daily for leadership and impulse, is really a massive fortress, standing almost four-square, each side being about one half mile long. The walls are nearly thirty feet thick and, like the great walls of the outer city, paved with brick and made into a passage-way for troops along the top of the wall to the sentry-towers which stand on the corners. But it is long since any troops have guarded those walls, and the paved tops are so neglected that they are grown full of weeds. It was well for the allies that it was so, for a small band of desperate men could have held them against the most overwhelming odds. The idea of fortification is carried out even in the interior of this city, for it is divided into three sections by parallel walls which run through it from north to

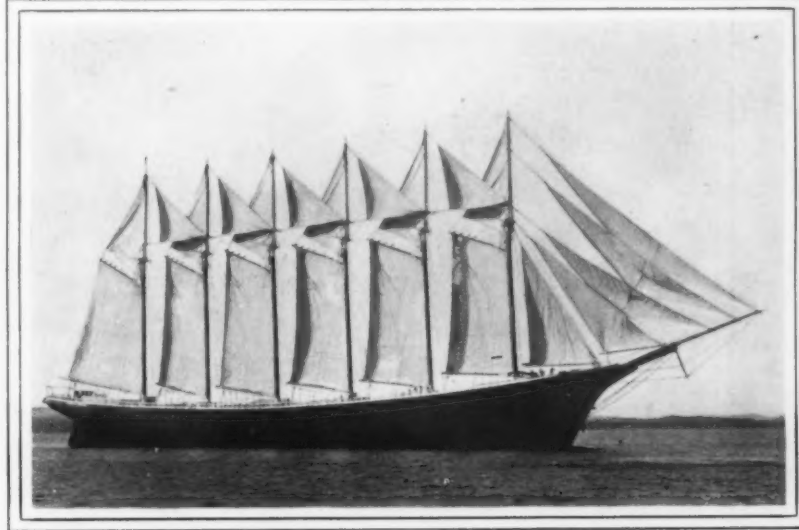
The audience-hall contained nothing but the great dragon throne—for, according to the Chinese, no one, no matter how high his rank or important his position, dares to remain standing or even seated in the presence of the august Son of Heaven, the ruler of over four hundred millions of human beings; they must remain prostrate upon their faces. The great hall showed by its unkempt condition that it had been a long time since any functions had been held there, but over on one side was a little Chinese table and a roll of bed-clothes, evidently abandoned by some Chinese guard or eunuch in his hasty flight. A peculiarity of the flights of steps which ascend the massive pediments on which the palaces stand are the great slabs of marble, with the most handsomely-carved dragons upon them, which lie between the flights of steps, the steps being on either side of these immense carved slabs, while the balustrades are on the outside of the flights of steps.

While the public buildings were entered by the allies those actually occupied by the Emperor were not intruded upon. Their privacy being respected. After passing through the court which lies north of the great palace you enter the court which is surrounded by the palaces occupied by the consorts of heaven, the Empress and the favorites of the imperial harem.

The forbidden city is often called by the Chinese the "Palace of the Solitary One," and the Emperor is more frequently referred to by the people as "The Solitary Man" than by any other term. This peculiar appellation is expressive of the conditions in which the Chinese Emperor lives. Within the sacred walls which surround the imperial palaces he is the sole male inhabitant, "the solitary man." Princes and high officials come and go on their way to or from audiences, but the Emperor alone remains and lives within. No other male being aside from this despotic monarch is allowed to pass a night within the sacred precincts. The other inhabitants of this sacred city are the Empresses, the members of the royal harem, the female servants, and the eunuchs, some 3,000 of whom are retained in the city as servants in the household of their imperial master. Being thus deprived by the changeless customs of his country of all association with men, and being limited to the company of women and neuters, he is well called "The Solitary One."



THE LAUNCH OF THE SIX-MASTED SCHOONER "ELEANOR A. PERCY," AT BATH, ME. Amateur photograph submitted by Rupert M. Much, Bath, Me.



THE "GEORGE E. WELLS," THE LONGEST SCHOONER AFLOAT, READY FOR HER TRIAL TRIP AT CAMDEN, ME.—Photographed for "Leslie's Weekly" by Potter Studio, Camden, Me.

MAINE'S TWO LARGEST SCHOONERS IN THE WORLD.

The Fastest Battle-ship in the World.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 13th, 1900.—The *Wisconsin* is the greatest battle ship in the world. She proved it yesterday on her trial trip in Santa Barbara channel—the place where all Pacific coast battle-ships are tried. She is sound to the last bolt and rivet, and peerless in her class. It was a question, on her trial trip, of California against the world; of the Union Iron Works against the Cramps—two great ship-building concerns pitted against each other—and California won. There was special interest in this contest, for the Cramps built the *Alabama*, which is in every respect the exact duplicate of the *Wisconsin*. A few weeks ago the *Alabama* made a world record on the Atlantic coast, and it was that record which the *Wisconsin* shattered. The *Alabama* was pushed to 17.13 knots an hour, but the *Wisconsin* made 17.25. Great are the Union Iron Works and the Scotts, who built the *Oregon*. When it comes to trial trips fractions of a knot count.

Everything worked like a charm. Admiral Kautz, of the *Iowa*, was in charge and Robert Forsythe was the engineer. The day was by no means ideal for the trial, nor did the *Wisconsin* make her run over an easy course. There was a heavy east wind and a choppy sea, but the great ship moved with a steadiness that astounded every one. Waves twenty feet high shot away from her prow. The maximum speed reached was 18.54 knots. The average steam pressure was 180, running at times to 189. Going down the course she made 119.39 revolutions, and coming back 119.15—an evenness which is considered most remarkable. The engines made 14,000 revolutions, and the difference between the two was less than twenty strokes. When it was learned that the *Wisconsin* had broken the record there were cheers for every one, from the builders to the engine and fire-room crews, who, next to the builders, deserve chief credit for the battle-ship's remarkable performance. Afterward there were tests of various manœuvres, all entirely successful. The ship was turned to starboard and to port with engines running in opposite directions, and was reversed from full speed at the sound of a bell. She made her turns in a length and a half. There were also experiments with the anchor.

When the *Wisconsin* returned from her trial trip every stanchion and mast was decorated with brooms and roosters,

south, and then each section is divided into successive courts. In passing through the city you go through successive gates, each leading into a court surrounded by palaces. There is, however, a sort of symmetrical increase in the elaborateness of the marble bridges and approaches, and in the height of massive marble pediments, as you approach the great palace which occupies the centre of the city, and a similar decrease in the successive courts as you pass beyond it to the northern or back gate of the sacred city.

Probably the most unique and interesting objects in the forbidden city are the ornate bridges across the canals which run through several of the courts. China is a land of wonderful bridges, but nowhere in the empire are any to be found of more exquisite workmanship than those seen in this famous inclosure. The heavy carving of these splendid marble bridges is remarkably preserved, considering the fact that they were built in the thirteenth century and have seen no repairs since the time of the great Emperor of the Ming dynasty, the famous Yung-Lo, who died in A. D. 1424. The heavy carving and grotesque dragon-heads of the bridges are also carried out in the decorations of the magnificent marble porticoes around the several palaces and the sloping inclines which lead up to them. There is something very attractive in the stately and dignified style of Chinese architecture as shown in these palaces. The flights of steps up the pediments have something of the classic style of the Greeks, and the long, wide buildings with those glistening roofs of yellow porcelain tile, which spread out in long, sweeping lines, must certainly satisfy the most artistic tastes. In the march through these sacred precincts by the allied forces on August 28th the generals and their staffs went mounted until they had entered through the great castled gate which stands at the southern entrance of the forbidden city. The purpose of the demonstration was, of course, to humiliate the Chinese, but as the allied generals had no desire to make the Chinese feel that the palace precincts had been unduly profaned or desecrated, they dismounted from their horses at this point and marched on through with their several detachments on foot. The doors on either side of the great audience-hall, which is the most important building in China, were opened, and the soldiers marched up the magnificent flights of marble steps, straight through the great hall, without halting, and down other magnificent flights of steps on the other side into the court beyond.

Passing through the gate from the palace court the allies entered the imperial flower-gardens, which were adorned with temples and groves, intersected with canals and dotted with elegant pavilions, while fountains, pools, and rockeries added to the beauty of the scene. A miniature mountain rises from the bosom of a small lake, its sides covered with beautiful groves, and beneath their shade are hid artificial caves and grottoes. These evidently mark the imperial favor shown to the Buddhist religion by the early Mongol Emperors, who built this beautiful resort, for caves and grottoes were the favorite hiding-places of Buddhists seeking rest from the temptations and wickedness of the world. Within these grottoes were found bronze images of Buddha seated on the lotos pedestal, while in front of the image were little bronze pots full of ashes and a number of small, unburned pieces of incense, showing that at a late day some devotee had been worshipping there; probably some member of the fleeing court had paused here a moment to stick a few bits of incense in the urn and mutter a few words of prayer before he hurried through the gates in terror-stricken flight before the avenging hosts of civilization. WALKER.

A Great Battle-ship in Dry-dock.

As she lay in dry-dock recently at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, our famous new fighting-ship, the *Kentucky*, was revealed in all her grim beauty. For the first time since taking on her guns and going into commission the formidable battle-ship was visible in her entirety from keel to main-top. Gangs of men swarmed about her hull like ants, and worked just as busily to put into thorough sea-going shape this vessel that is to be the queen of Admiral Remy's Asiatic fighting fleet.

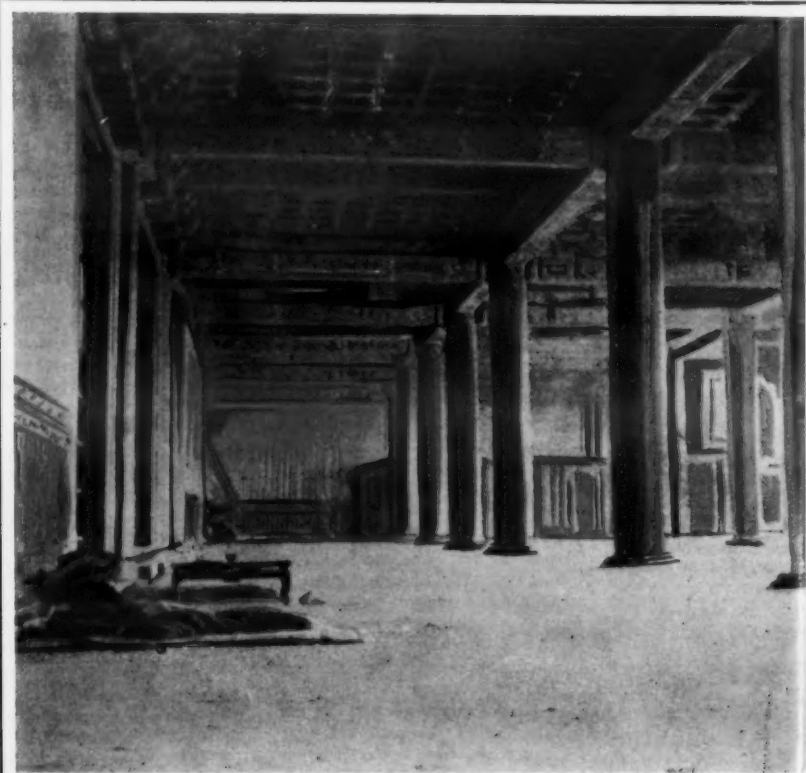
The hull was scraped and cleaned, while a monster derrick filled her great bunkers to the top with coal. All this time the *Kentucky's* human community, numbering 554 officers and men, lived aboard as if the ship were not a huge and noisy factory. During the time that she lay in dock some fifty of the short-time men moved their effects ashore and were replaced by the same number of long-time men. Unless events should require haste, Captain Chester expects a rather leisurely sail along the Suez route, with frequent stops. The *Kentucky*, upon her arrival in the Orient, will be the best representative of our dignity and fighting power in any foreign waters.



IN THE HEART OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY—THE CANAL THROUGH THE COURT BEFORE THE EMPEROR'S PALACE.



GENERAL CHAFFEE AND STAFF, JUST DISMOUNTED FOR THE MARCH THROUGH THE PALACE GROUNDS.—IT WAS NOT DESIRED TO DESECRATE THE SACRED CITY BY GOING THROUGH IT ON HORSEBACK.



INTERIOR OF THE AUDIENCE-HALL, NEVER BEFORE PHOTOGRAPHED OR SUBMITTED TO PUBLIC GAZE.

THE FAMOUS FORBIDDEN CITY OF CHINA

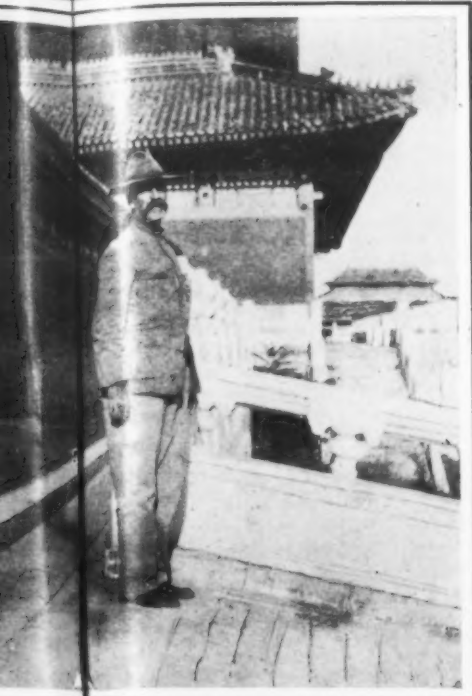
THE ENTRANCE OF THE ALLIED FORCES INTO THE SACRED COURTS OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY WAS THE GREATEST HUMILIATION THAT HAS



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HOOLIDGE, SURVEYING THE FORBIDDEN CITY OF THE PALACE OF THE



THE MAGNIFICENT MARBLE BRIDGE



LT-COLONEL BOOLIDGE, NINTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY, VIEWING THE FORBIDDEN CITY FROM THE PORTICO OF THE PALACE OF THE EMPRESS.



AN ENGLISH DETACHMENT MARCHING DIRECTLY THROUGH THE AUDIENCE HALL OF THE EMPEROR'S PALACE, WHERE NO WHITE MAN HAD EVER BEEN BEFORE.



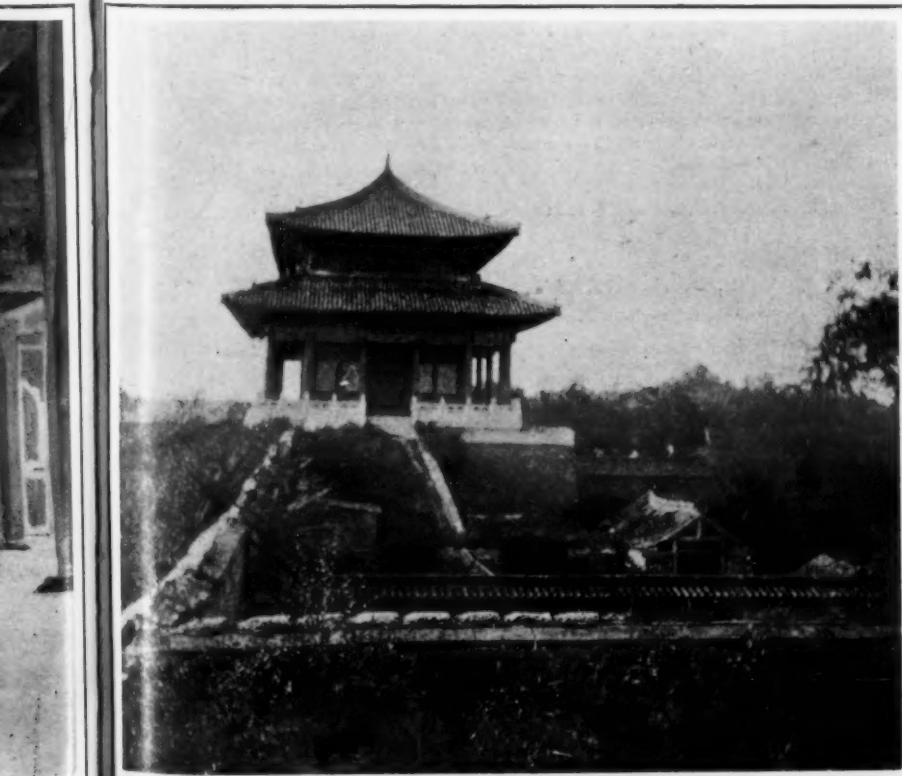
A SOLDIER INSPECTING ONE OF THE MYSTERIOUS SACRED GROTTOS IN THE PALACE GARDEN.



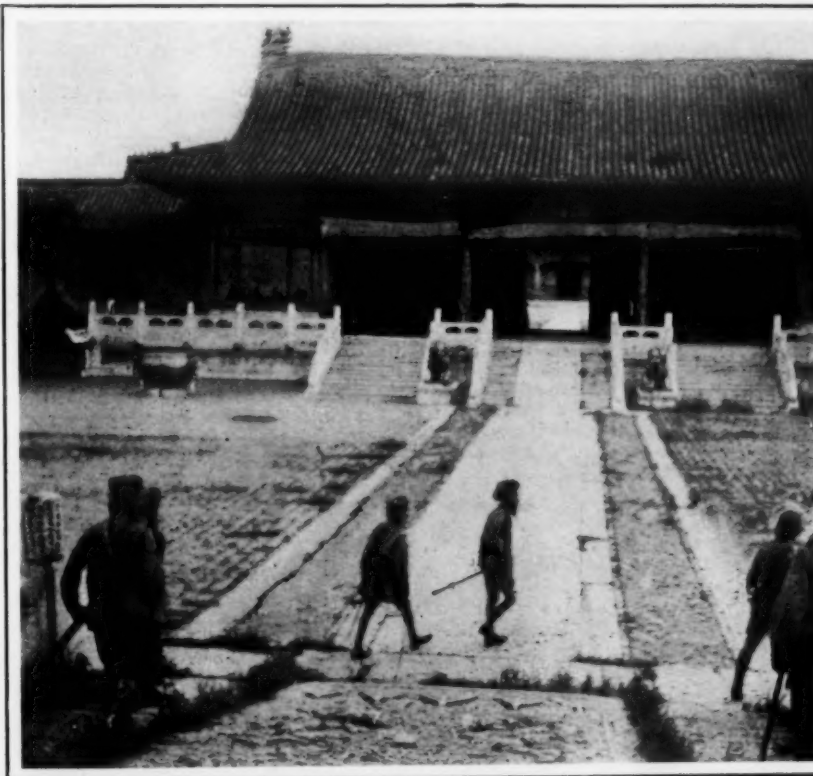
MAGNIFICENT MARBLE BRIDGE OVER THE MOAT, BEFORE THE SOUTHERN GATE OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY.



THE ONLY BUILDING WHICH NO FOREIGNER ENTERED—THE PERSONAL RESIDENCE OF THE EMPEROR, THE PRIVACY OF WHICH WAS RESPECTED—IT WAS GUARDED BY EUNUCHS.



A VIEW ALONG THE TOP OF THE WALL OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY—THE TOWER MARKS A CORNER OF THE WALL.



ONE OF THE ENTRANCES TO A COURT OF THE FORBIDDEN CITY.

CHINA PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE FIRST TIME.

ION THAT HAS SUFFERED.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY SYDNEY ADAMSON, THE SPECIAL ARTIST OF "LESLIE'S WEEKLY" IN CHINA, AND THE FIRST EVER MADE.—[SEE PAGE 319.]

Heroic Woman at the Siege of Peking.

(Special Correspondence of Leslie's Weekly.)

SHANGHAI, October 1st, 1900.—Thinking your readers would be interested in the work of the women, I will give the story as nearly as possible as it was told me by one of the women who took an active part in the work. By request all names of persons are omitted. The time, no doubt, is near at hand when some of the diaries kept by those who were in the siege will be published and particulars will then be given to the world, and honor to whom honor is due in person and name.

The work of the women was divided into three heads and put under three standing committees, viz., making sand-bags, housekeeping, and hospital service. The sand-bags were used in the fortifications, and proved bullet-proof. They were used not only in the fortifications, but in the windows of the hospital and chapel. The latter was used as living, dining, and sleeping room. In a former letter some facts in regard to the sand-bags were given, but additional information makes it seem worth while to the writer to enter into further particulars. There were several foreign stores within the limits of the barricade, and the proprietors, who were in the legation, gave permission to have all goods suitable for making sand-bags brought in and used. These materials were of various kinds, one being expensive tapestry for upholstery. One of the legation ladies had desired to upholster her drawing-room from one of the most beautiful patterns, but refrained from doing so on account of the expense. It chanced that this same lady cut up this costly fabric for sand-bags.

Lady Macdonald, Mrs. Conger, and the other ladies of the legation offered their curtains and portières for use, and the scissors ruthlessly cut up most exquisitely embroidered draperies into sand-bags, while those who were in charge of the fortifications continually sent messengers asking for "more, more." One of the mission ladies had just laid in a new supply of table-linen, and some of the native Christians finding it and knowing whose it was, brought it to her. This, with all like material, was used, as were drawn-work linen sheets and pillow-cases, while bolts of rare damask linen were cut up without compunction. In fact, all sense of cost, and even sense of beauty, seemed to be lost in the eager desire to furnish the means of protection to human lives. Besides these beautiful things thus sacrificed, there were also used common materials, such as old Mongol tents, hangings to Sedan chairs, and stacks of old Chinese clothing. These were cut out and sometimes sewn by foreign ladies unused to other than delicate work. However, the foreign ladies were greatly assisted by the Chinese girls of the mission schools and by the women of the families of native Christians. Of the former there were some 150. Beside the supplies brought from the foreign stores, there were great rolls of cotton cloth, also of silk and brocade satin, from Chinese stores. The Chinese at their funerals wear special garments. Many of these were used, the long, large sleeves being well suited to the purpose of bag-making. It was a continual surprise, that new supplies from new sources came in each day as needed.

The housekeeping committee and those who worked in the diet-kitchen were particularly hard-worked, being constantly busy, and exhibited an ingenuity in planning and preparing appetizing edibles that was marvelous. The materials were horse-flesh (called pony-meat), coarse wheat flour, and a dark-colored rice. These were the staple materials. There was a small quantity of canned meats, which was used as an occasional relish. The white rice and all delicacies were reserved for the babies and the sick. One of the missionaries told me she went each day to another part of the legation, in constant danger of flying bullets, to get a slice of white bread for her sick baby. The woman having the flour baked a loaf each day, not for the use of her family, but for the sick.

They were fortunate in finding a rude Chinese mill, with mules to turn the stones, and one of the missionaries established himself as head miller, and for some time hurried each morning under or between flying bullets to his mill as cheerfully as in former times he had gone to school or chapel. After a time the mill was removed into the stable-court of the legation. The first flour was very coarse, but experience improved the quality, although it was never other than dark and coarse. A bakery was set up, and in time the Chinese cook learned to make bread that was not sour. Porridge was made from millet and dark rice, and what they called "delicious pancakes" were made from this porridge thickened with coarse flour. These cakes were prepared without milk or eggs.

One day a brilliant thought came to one member of the committee. There were some raisins and spices. Why not have a rice-pudding? To be sure, there was neither milk nor eggs, but there was good water and fortunately some sugar, and the pudding was a triumph of culinary art and was greatly enjoyed. It is said the proof of the pudding is the eating, and I have the testimony of one who ate of that celebrated pudding. One incident is worth relating. One of the Chinese was brought into the dining-room to pull the *punkah*. He told the story afterward. I wish I was able to tell it in his own words, but it was something like this: "I was glad to have a chance to pull the *punkah*, as I could then learn what the foreigners had to eat, and see if they fared better than we Chinese Christians. I saw them come cheerfully to the table, and I thought 'They are to have a good meal.' The poor porridge was brought on and they ate of that cheerfully; the black rice, and they ate that cheerfully; the horse-meat, and they ate that cheerfully. Their food was no better than ours, and yet they were cheerful." No doubt the story, as told to the Chinese, had its effect in added cheerfulness among the native Christians.

While there were three ladies on the standing committee of housekeeping, all the ladies took their turns in looking after the cooking, serving, table-setting, etc. As there were seventy in this family, they were divided into three messes. And it was necessary to have three of each of the meals. As the dining-room was also living and sleeping room, it required much work to keep it in presentable condition. One of the hardest things to bear was the utter impossibility of having quiet. There were times when it was unsafe for any one to be outside the building, and all work had to be done with a large number in

the room. Outside was the roar of artillery; inside, three busy sewing-machines, and women and children, and servants at work, besides all the men not required outside on the fortifications or at the mill. This constant noise—and impossibility to be alone—was more wearing upon the nervous system than any amount of work.

Last, but not least important, was the work of the women in the hospital and diet-kitchen. There were several women physicians, and they took their places as nurses. Indeed, all of the women took turns in looking after the sick and wounded. The babies under two years were among the greatest sufferers, and there were nine little graves when my informant left the legation, and other little ones too sick to bring away. This mother held in her arms a frail little girl as she said: "I believe my baby is the only one left under twenty-one months old, and we had little hope of saving her." I am glad to say this mother with babe, a little boy four or five years old, accompanied by her husband, was on her way to America when she told me her story. To her and to the missionary first mentioned I am indebted for my information as to the work of the women. I am glad to add that the English minister, as well as our own, in personal letters to the missionaries in charge of the fortifications says: "Were it not for the wisdom and help of the missionaries and native Christians we of the legations would not have been saved." This is but giving tribute to whom tribute is due.

ALICE HAMILTON RICH.

An Attempt that Failed.

A STORY OF THE PUBLIC, THE PRESS, AND SOME GENERALS IN PEKING.

(Special Correspondence of Leslie's Weekly.)

PEKING, October 1st, 1900.—The real finish of our march to Peking was a tea-party. In spite of an attempt to ignore the correspondents we all insisted upon being invited. It is true that we are "no class," and are not permitted to wear shoulder-straps and thingumijigs on our breasts, but nevertheless our united force did what the Chinese absolutely failed to do—brought the allied forces to terms. I am personally careful to decide important things as quickly as possible, and when there is any vagueness about a matter that may affect my plans I push it to an issue and have it settled. There has been such a deadly secrecy about the forbidden city, such a depth of black mystery has been wrapped around it by staff officers, that the city itself must begin to be self-respecting and exclusive.

I talked with Captain Hutchinson, of General Chaffee's staff, about permission to accompany the military march which was to take place with much pomp and circumstance on Tuesday, the 28th day of August, 1900. When the captain had recovered his breath after the shock of bearing any mere civilian talk of entering this holy of holies, he proceeded to read me a lecture on the immense seriousness of the occasion. I failed to be properly impressed. "Humbug" and "rot" kept rising dangerously near the tip of my tongue. I grew tired of the lecture and asked for a decision. This much overworked assistant adjutant-general said he would put it to the general if he had time, and again impressed upon me that General Chaffee was on the point of expiring from overwork.

I found the worthy general that afternoon at the British legation's auction sale of loot, bidding with all the enthusiasm of a school-boy for some pretty fur jackets. He smiled serenely when he at last outbade a British subaltern, who evidently wanted it for his best girl. Next day I presented a formal letter addressed to General Chaffee to Captain Hutchinson. This time the latter's voice fairly shook with the awful importance of the occasion, and he seemed filled with a deadly fear that the correspondents would spoil all. If the great spirit that built these wonderful courts had appeared to the captain in a dream and threatened him with a fearful and sudden end if he dared to allow a press man to enter, he could not have been more concerned.

By the evening my letter had not been presented. I am naturally suspicious. Like Kipling's puppy, I have eaten a good deal of soap. There was a vague uneasiness beginning to creep in among the other correspondents, but most of them were too busy news-hunting to notice it much. I appealed to Major Lee, of the general's staff. The major is at all times a courteous gentleman, and he happens to be a friend. He spoke to the general, but by then the edict had gone forth. The correspondents were prohibited. The American czar had spoken. I received my letter, neatly folded, and on the edge the polite and expressive intimation that it was "disapproved," followed by many flourishes and the invincible captain's name.

This was on the morning of the 27th; next day was the event. I had sent in a similar letter to the British general, on the principle that a double permission could do no harm, while one out of two might succeed. I was registered with the British forces as a correspondent, and happening to be a British subject I thought I would try my luck in that quarter. My letter was returned to me with the information that as an American citizen I should apply to General Chaffee. I saw Captain Phillips and put him right about the nationality. The captain told four of us that morning that no passes were to be issued then, and there was a vagueness about the replies to our further questions that settled the matter in our minds. We were to be refused.

We four formed a meeting then and there, roped in another correspondent riding through the British legation, and each agreed to inform one or two others, and all meet in the bell-tower of the British legation at two o'clock. Mr. O'Dowd had drawn up a protest, which we all signed, and Captain Phillips took it in to General Sir Alfred Gazelee. We were not kept waiting. General Barrow came out with an amiable smile and began to chide us for accusing them of such a thing. There was an air of sweet innocence detected in the very act which embarrassed his tall person, and his little attack upon us was merely to cover his confusion. We pointed out that we hadn't said that he had done it, but merely hinted what an awful thing it would be if he did. Our message had sunk in, and after quibbling a bit he decided to send a note to the other generals and see what could be done. He told us more than once that only four hundred of each nation could go in, and that as the four hundred was already made up, no more could be added.

How like another four hundred we have heard of! I suggested that they had evidently forgotten the public and those who were here to inform it. Somebody said, "Why not leave out eight Rajputs?" This remark caused General Barrow to stiffen visibly. "Certainly not," he said. "The troops have done splendidly and deserve to go in." Just think of it, my gentle readers! The idea of leaving out eight brown privates, who would be happier looting, and not allowing the readers of six or seven London and four or five New York papers to inform several million curious souls! The idea is clearly ridiculous. What are newspapers? Who cares a snap about the public?—that is—er—well, of course, the public buys the military millinery—even provides the guns and the pay; well, yes, on second thoughts, gentlemen, the correspondents may go in—with limitations.

The British have a very excellent certificate which they issue to registered correspondents, and which entitles them, so long as they behave themselves, to accompany the expedition named and to be treated with the courtesy and to have the privileges of an officer. Several good Americans had registered with the British and received their certificates. General Barrow pounced upon me first. "LESLIE'S WEEKLY—that is New York; we can only look after our own subjects on this occasion. All Americans must get permission from General Chaffee." I claimed the British side of the Atlantic and was permitted. At that stage of the game an American journal was thus shut out by the American general and admitted by the British because the man representing it happened to be British. Suppose I had been a Dane, representing an American paper? Surely anybody can see that it is the paper that counts, not the man—that is, so long as he is inoffensive and behaves himself. Then an American, representing two American papers, was seized and turned over to the tender mercies of General Chaffee. Greere proved the most curious combination of all. Born an Englishman, a naturalized American by serving in the volunteers during the Spanish-American war, and at present representing an English paper. He was promptly refused because he was an American citizen. He kicked hard, as General Chaffee had already refused him because he represented an English paper!

Is not this monstrous? Here was a man representing a first-class English affair, and a registered correspondent with the British, refused permission to accompany the march because he is an American citizen. And refused by the Americans because he represents an English concern! I, representing an American paper, can only sneak in because I am a British subject. It is too pitiful and babyish for men to play at this sort of foolishness. I feel like presenting both generals and staffs with some cases of condensed milk and the necessary number of feeding-bottles. In the evening our permission was given us with the air of a gift to naughty children, and we were all sent home after many grave requests to be good and not to break ranks and not to loot. We then heard that General Chaffee had relented, and American papers could go in. Greere was still prohibited, but he came just the same. After the march was over, and we were all wandering around looking at things and drinking tea, handed out by real blue-button mandarins, the only people who were too busy with pencil and camera not to touch and chip pieces off as souvenirs were the correspondents.

The end of our march to Peking was a tea-party in the palace gardens. Generals and decorated officers were as common as crows; ministers and a few of their ladies were there to see the show and slyly purloin scraps that were loose and waiting to be taken. The despised correspondents did not march out of the grounds with the rank and file as ordered to, but drank tea with the generals and trod upon the pavements of the palace yards, and viewed the halls where the secret of ages has been kept. But the secret is gone, with the people who made it, and the sacred city is but an empty cage, from which the birds have flown. I am happy to state that the imperial palace did not collapse on account of the correspondents being present. There was no earthquake, it did not rain, but was temperate and moderately cloudy, so no one died from sunstroke. The tea served by the Chinese was not poisoned. The "refused" correspondents all came, too. The only real calamity is that you and your friends will see my drawings and read about what I saw, as a few million other people will be informed by my colleagues. The generals won't be able to tell any fish-stories about what happened on the 28th of August. Very few of them will make it their business to report that the allied generals were defeated by a few correspondents, backed by the public, on the 27th, and that is the only defeat the allies have suffered.

SYDNEY ADAMSON.

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of the regular readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. Correspondents should always inclose a stamp, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. Inquiries should refer only to matters directly connected with Wall Street interests.]

THE erratic conduct of Tennessee Coal and Iron furnishes another explanation of the reason why the industrial stocks are being very generally shunned by investors and speculators. Tennessee Coal and Iron was declared by its friends, a short time ago, to be on an eight-per-cent. basis and earning two or three times its dividends. In spite of this announcement, which was expected to send the stock to 200, and did send it to 180, it gradually fell from its high estate, and then began to slump at the rate of from five to ten points a day. At the same time rapidly-repeated rumors were heard of a suspension of dividends. We have witnessed the same sort of fluctuations in American Sugar, a disastrous collapse in Cast Iron Pipe, International Silver, Malting, Milling, Distilling, and others that might be mentioned, a slump of no mean proportions in Federal Steel and Steel and Wire, and, in fact, all the other iron and steel stocks.

The poor public, that has been loaded with securities by pools and combinations, aided by financial writers who have been in their pay, are wondering if there will ever be an end to this deception. The governors of the stock exchange have a duty to perform, and they should hasten to perform it. Publicity would put an end to this imposition on the public, and

publicity should be required of all corporations whose stocks are dealt in on the exchange. The public has a right to know what these corporations are doing and how they are doing it: how much money they are taking in, how much they are spending, and what their profits and losses are from month to month or quarter to quarter. Either this should be done or these stocks, which have been in the hands of a few desperate manipulators and gamblers, should be stricken from the list. If the governors of the exchange fail in the performance of this duty let the public boycott such stocks. Apparently the public has already begun to do so.

"G." Albany, N. Y.: The American Hide and Leather Company's pool has been dissolved, and the stockholders can do as they please with their stocks and bonds. Some of the common stock has been offered at 6 and the preferred around 60. Transactions in the bonds have been had around 36. (2) The market was higher a year ago than it is now. St. Paul was up to 128, Steel and Wire common 52, Manhattan 108, Brooklyn Rapid Transit 91. A few stocks are higher now, including Union Pacific and Atchafalpa preferred. (3) St. Louis and San Francisco's annual report showed that it earned last year five per cent. on the second preferred stock. It paid two. I would rather have it than Missouri, Kansas and Texas preferred at the same price.

"Reader," Hartford, Conn.: When the president of the Northern Pacific Railroad is found making the public statement that his railroad will have to face serious losses and diminished earnings, because the grain crop in the eastern section of his road is not half of what was expected, it is a signal to the bears to get ready for business. (2) The anthracite coal roads are mostly dividend-payers and have been strongly held by investors and pools. It must be remembered that the increased cost of anthracite will partly make up for the loss by the suspension of operations. I should be careful how I sold any of the dividend-payers short.

"Constant Reader," Detroit, Mich.: The weakness in International Paper is due not only to a lessened demand for some grades of paper and decreased prices for the same, but also to the fact that additional competition is in sight. (2) I do not regard the preferred as a permanent investment. (3) Considering the fact that the common stock is said to have been unloaded at high prices by the insiders, I infer that the latter have not failed to take care of themselves. (4) The earnings of the company, according to its official report, are more than sufficient to pay dividends on the preferred. (5) On a decided slump it might be wise to buy additional shares to even up the cost of what you hold and then dispose of all on the first rise.

"Anxious," Vicksburg, Miss.: The common stocks of the industrials which are paying large dividends and selling at ridiculously low prices are certainly not on a substantial dividend-paying basis, or they would sell higher. Dividends of one and three-fourth per cent. quarterly were paid on the preferred stock of United States Cast Iron Pipe Company regularly for three quarters, and it was given out that the surplus earnings were sufficient to pay a small dividend on the common; and yet, within nine months after the first dividend was paid on the preferred, announcement was made that the next quarterly dividend would not be paid, and the preferred stock tumbled to about \$35 a share and the common to \$3 or \$4 a share, with nobody wanting to buy. Stocks that sell at very low prices and pay very high dividends are always dangerous to meddle with.

"Widow," Milwaukee: I do not believe that American Sugar common will ever be another Standard Oil, so far as its price is concerned, although that prediction is being made on Wall Street, and all sorts of high prices for the stock are being promised. It is true that the American Sugar Company controls more than half the sugar business of the United States, but its situation regarding sugar is not analogous to that of Standard Oil regarding the natural oil business, because the Standard Oil Company virtually enjoys a monopoly of a product limited to certain localities. It will therefore be a difficult thing for any one else to go into the oil business on a very extensive scale, but it does not cost an enormous fortune to build a sugar refinery, and thousands of small farmers in the West are going into the beet-sugar business "on their own hook." We have seen what the consequences were when capital was boldly put into the sugar business, and when competition sent the price of sugar and sugar stocks way down. Who knows when this competition will break out again? I do not say that speculators may not raise the price of sugar stock. I only warn my readers against the character of this speculative security.

"Banker," Richmond, Va.: I cannot believe that money is to continue to be as cheap in the United States as it has been. All the world needs gold. The cost of the Boer war to England is estimated at \$500,000,000. Who is to pay this? The trouble in China will add enormously to the expenses of all the great nations. England, Germany, and Sweden have been borrowing in the United States, and Russia would like to make a loan. Gilt-edged stocks and bonds at present prices yield investors only from three to three and three-quarters per cent., or less than the government bonds of some of the strongest nations in the world. It is foolish to believe that the prices of such securities can be maintained if other securities of equal value are offered at a greater profit. The financial disturbances in Berlin are reaching an acute stage, and many believe that we will be shipping gold to relieve the strain in Berlin and in London before many months have passed. With the settlement of the year's business about the first January, trouble is looked for in financial circles at home and abroad. All the great money centres are now in such close touch, and their interests are so interwoven, that all will be more or less involved by a financial upheaval at any one of them.

"Artisan," Savannah, Ga.: A pool controls the manufacture of steel rails, and under pressure of the railroads it has reduced the price per ton by about one-fourth. This is a slashing cut, but the railroads insist that it is not enough. If they hold out and refuse to buy, more trouble is in store for Federal Steel and other concerns engaged in this line of business. Only two years ago steel rails were selling

as low as eighteen dollars a ton. For about a year they have been selling at thirty-five dollars. The new price is twenty-six dollars. (2) This fall seems to be a period of great labor disturbance. The hopeful sign is the settlement of the glass-chimney scale by the Pittsburgh glass-makers, with an increase of wages for 15,000 operators employed in this industry, and also the settlement of the difficulty between the iron and steel manufacturers and their 60,000 workmen. This has resulted in the opening of a number of the mills of the American Steel Hoop Company, the Republic Iron and Steel Company, and various other concerns, many of which have been closed for the past three months. The fact that prices have still been depressed, in spite of this long-continued suspension, shows how thoroughly the iron and steel market has become demoralized.

(Continued on page 332.)

The Dramatic Season.

HENRY E. DIXEY scored the success of his career in the title-rôle of "The Adventures of François," which Liebler & Co.



DIXEY IN A NEW RÔLE.

produced at the Park Theatre, Philadelphia, October 20th. The rôle of the vagabond, thief, juggler, and fencing-master, whom Dr. S. Weir Mitchell made the hero of his novel, is abundantly filled with opportunities for Dixey's versatile talents. Dixey declares that no play with a thief as a prominent character has ever failed. For months past Dixey has been carefully training a French poodle. In certain scenes of the play the dog assists in stealing a lady's locket by carrying it away in his mouth.

Again, he performs various tricks for the amusement of the aristocrats, to whom François inclines. The stage *Toto* is said to be as clever and charming as his literary prototype.

Unless the signs fail, "Her Majesty" and Miss Grace George have started a prosperous run at the Manhattan. The play is



GRACE GEORGE AS "QUEEN HONORIA."

an adaptation of a very readable little novel by Elizabeth Knight Tompkins, the dramatization of which by Mr. Joseph I. C. Clarke has resulted in a vastly more entertaining story. It is a romantic narrative concerning a girl-queen of the mythical realm of Nordenmark, who goes among her people and becomes fully familiar with the wrongs inflicted upon them by the palace clique. In so doing she encounters Count Waldeck, the highest nobleman of her kingdom, who has become a workingman through the desire to serve

volted populace of the capital of Nordenmark, with the rioters in possession of the palace, their subjection by the sweet womanliness of the Queen, and the happy ending of the love affair. Miss Grace George has met an unlooked-for success in the title-rôle. Mr. Frank Worthing, as the count, does not fill the rôle to the uttermost advantage, yet pleases the audiences. While there are no positive defects in the rest of the company, these members are not quite equal to the demands imposed upon them by the work of the clever dramatist. Yet "Her Majesty" is a production that will delight its audiences.

Miss Ingeborg Ballstrom and Miss Elsa Marny are two of the younger prima-donnas of the Metropolitan English Grand Opera Company. The



MISS INGEBORG BALLSTROM.

operatic experience of Miss Ballstrom covers a period of four years spent in Stockholm and Berlin. She was born in the former city, and her career was inspired by the fame of her countrywoman, Christine Nilsson. She made her debut at the Royal Opera in Stockholm as *Filina* in "Mignon." For three years she was the city's favorite artist in florid song. Miss Ballstrom was equally popular at court, and was the recipient of many handsome gifts from King Oscar and his Queen.

Her most notable achievements have been made in the rôles of *Michaela*, *Martha*, *Violetta*, *Juliet*, *Susanna* in "The Marriage of Figaro," *Rosina* in "The Barber of Seville," and the *Queen* in "The Huguenots."



MISS ELSA MARNY.

(Continued on page 332.)

For Nervous Women

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

DR. J. B. ALEXANDER, Charlotte, N. C., says: "It is pleasant to the taste, and ranks among the best of nerve tonics for nervous females."

BRIGHT face, sparkling eye, and elastic step—all follow the use of Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists' and grocers'. Get only the genuine.

Food for Babies

must be nourishing and suitable, and by "suitable food" is meant a food which a child will properly digest and assimilate. Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk for forty years has been the leading infant food. Book entitled "Babies" sent free.

Food Saves.

DOCTOR KNEW THE VALUE OF GRAPE-NUTS.

A BREAKFAST food that a baby can handle is a pretty safe proposition for grown people with weak stomachs. Dr. William Hall, 156 State Street, Boston, has tried Grape-Nuts food in his own case, as a result of which he says: "I have been relieved from the distressing form of indigestion caused by the non-assimilation of starchy foods, and since making Grape-Nuts a part of my dietary scale I have had no trouble, and find my power of concentration markedly increased."

"I have frequently prescribed Grape-Nuts food in my practice, with most excellent results. The notes of one case I inclose herewith. July 10th, 1899, called to see M— B—, two years and three months old; found the child ill-nourished, with waxen skin, enlarged joints, beaded ribs, enlargement of the abdomen, furred tongue, constant vomiting, and diarrhoea; in short, a typical case of rachitis. The child weighed fourteen pounds and was daily losing flesh."

"Inquiring into the dietary, I found oat-meal, macaroni, rice, white bread, and milk had formed the chief articles of food, and lately all had been rejected. I at once stopped all other foods and placed her on a diet of Grape-Nuts, which was retained on the stomach from the first."

"On my next visit, July 17th, I found the child bright and cheerful, vomiting all stopped, stools formed and natural in appearance, weight fourteen and three-quarters pounds. From then, for the next three months, the child made a regular and even improvement, gaining from eight to ten ounces each week. She is now quite recovered. In my opinion, this girl has been saved from an early grave by the use of Grape-Nuts food."



A Prairie-chicken Party.

THIS very interesting picture was made this autumn at the opening of the shooting season in North Dakota. It represents a party composed of Mr. Frank Seaman, his three guests, attendants, etc., who went out in a special car to the shooting-grounds for prairie-chickens. At the extreme left of the picture is Mr. George Eastman, of the Eastman Kodak Company; next him is Mr. H. N. Higinbotham, of Chicago, formerly president of the world's fair, and next him is his son, Mr. H. D. Higinbotham; the game warden stands next, and next to him is the representative of the railway, sent to see that the party

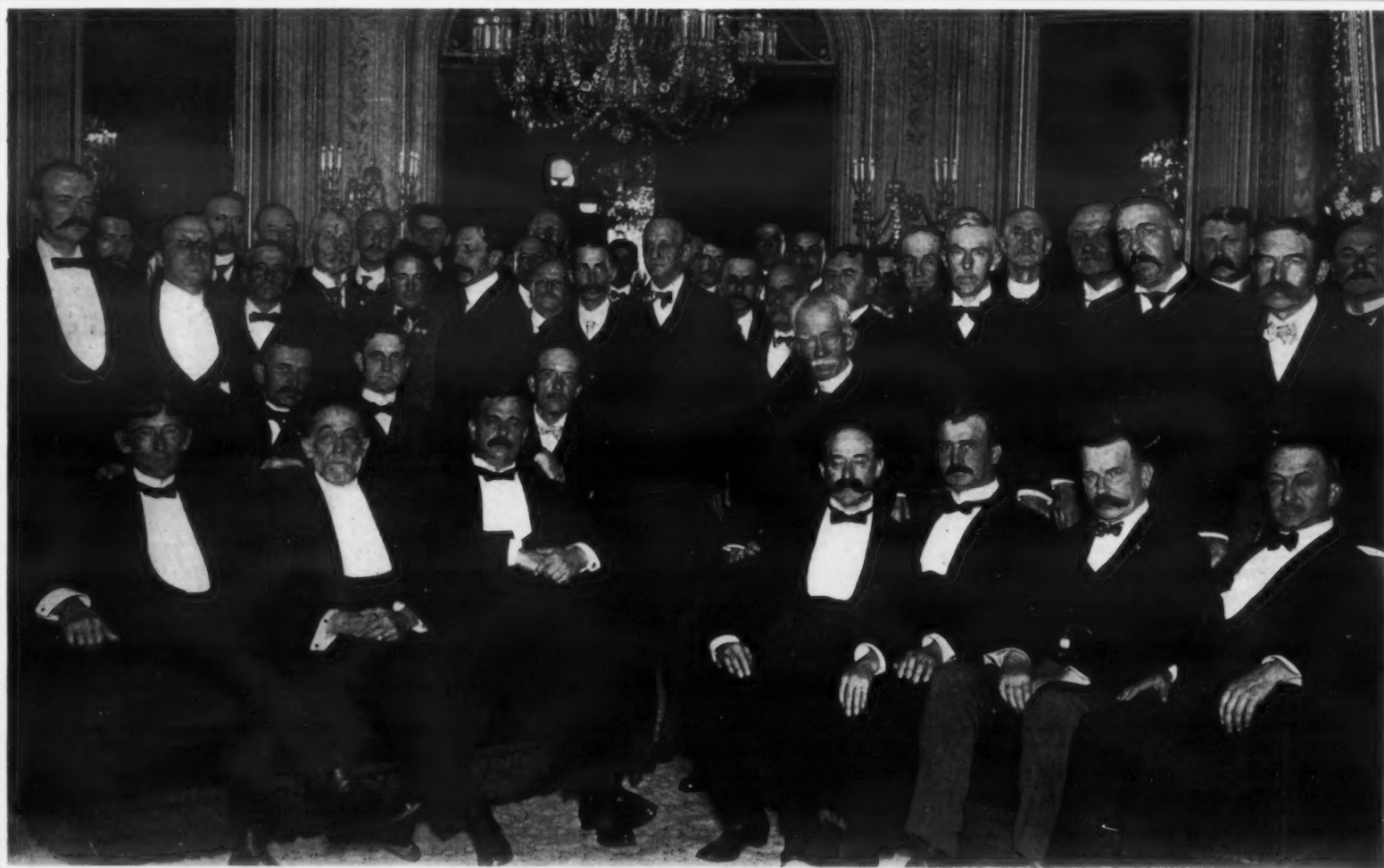
was well taken care of; Mr. Seaman, the host, comes next, and the two dusky gentlemen at the right are respectively the cook and porter of the car. The chickens were very abundant and the sport fine, the party bagging quantities that had to be given away at the State line. After two or three days' shooting the car was hauled to Leech Lake, Minn., where the party spent several days in fishing. Two members of this year's party, the Messrs. Higinbotham, were guests of Mr. Seaman in North Dakota last year for the duck-shooting. The accompanying picture was taken with one of Mr. Eastman's new panoram cameras.



GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT ACKNOWLEDGING AN OVATION AT LINCOLN, NEB., BRYAN'S HOME—EX-GOVERNOR THAYER BY HIS SIDE.



WILLIAM J. BRYAN'S ENTHUSIASTIC WELCOME ON HIS REAR-PLATFORM TRIP UP THE HUDSON RIVER.—Photographed for "Leslie's Weekly" by R. L. Dunn.



PROMINENT REPUBLICAN LEADERS WELCOMING THE REPUBLICAN EDITORS OF THE EMPIRE STATE AT THE REPUBLICAN CLUB, NEW YORK CITY—ON THE LEFT, IN THE ORDER NAMED, ARE SITTING EX-GOVERNOR BLACK, SENATOR THOMAS C. PLATT, AND THE HON. B. B. ODELL, JR., THE REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR. Photographed for "Leslie's Weekly" by R. L. Dunn.



LIVELY MIDNIGHT WELCOME TO WILLIAM J. BRYAN, AT COOPER UNION, NEW YORK.—Photographed for "Leslie's Weekly" by R. L. Dunn.



MASS MEETING OF YOUTHFUL POLITICIANS IN THE SUBURBS OF BROOKLYN. Photographed by George M. Sprague, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN CLOSING WITH A WHIRLWIND OF EXCITEMENT.
THE LEADING CANDIDATES ON BOTH SIDES SUCCEED IN AROUSING THE PEOPLE FROM THEIR CONDITION OF APATHY AND INDIFFERENCE.

IN THE REALM OF WOMEN.

Have Something To Do.

A COUNTRY like England is blessed with a large class of men and women not obliged to earn their living, but who, nevertheless, are hard and busy workers in behalf of the community in which they live and for the public good. Such persons are far less numerous in the United States, where great numbers who have in some way acquired a competence seem to feel little responsibility for the use of their time and money, but think they can use both merely for their own gratification. Every man and woman, of whatever class, in order to get much out of life, must work to promote the welfare of others. Read Charles Lamb's experience.

A writer in the *Quiver* tells us that he disliked being a clerk in the India House, but he stuck to the work and did it faithfully for thirty years. He sat like a nightingale with his breast against a thorn—the desk. "Thirty years," said he, "have I served the Philistines, and my neck is not subdued to the yoke." Then came his deliverance. One day, as he was pining in that leaden East India house, with fear and trembling he received an invitation that he was wanted by the directors in the parlor. Had he done anything, and were they going to dismiss him? No; they were very gracious, and after a long preamble he was told that the board was most grateful for his patient services, and that he would receive a pension of £441 per annum, or two-thirds of his salary. Oh, the delight of Lamb at being thus set free! He "stammered out a bow," and left the office forever. "It was like passing from time into eternity." "If I had a little son," he said, "I would christen him 'Nothing-to-do.'" He gayly and quaintly wrote to a friend: "Would I could sell you some of my leisure! Positively, the best thing a man can have to do is nothing, and the next to that, perhaps, good works." But the enchantment was short-lived. Lamb was not old enough nor stupid enough to do nothing. It takes a peculiar man to do nothing well. Most of us have a fine talent for it by fits and starts; but Lamb got tired of too much of it, and sighed like the chandler for his melting days.

"Calm Soul of all things! make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
Man did not make, and cannot mar,
That there abides a peace of thine."

Woman's Chances in Business.

THE paths that are now open to women for legitimately and honorably earning, not only a pittance, but an adequate income, says a contemporary, are by no means few in number, and are capable of many additions, if the smart society woman would only draw a decided distinction between what is permissible and what is not, where the matter of money is concerned. But snobbery still exists, and many of us are a little frightened at being considered anything else than "amateurs." As soon as we make a real profession of money-earning, and do so openly, we fear the criticisms of our friends. We all want to make money, but we do not like people to think that we do, and therefore the tendency is not to do it on business lines. And so it is that in nearly every field of labor in which women engage there is a general air of "amateurishness"; and, further, they do not care to submit to the preliminary and often tedious training which is absolutely necessary if they are to compete in the open market for the remunerative posts which are, equally with men, open to them. Very fair incomes can now be earned by women as housekeepers, as *chefs*, and as domestic nurses in the families of the nobility and the rich, and yet for the want of a little training, which is quite easy to procure, they are content to leave these plums for their social inferiors, for fear of offending some member of the "set" to which by birth they belong, and they are willing to accept far smaller remuneration as governesses and typewriters. A woman of refinement could take such posts as these with honor to herself and great benefit to the public of her own class whom she serves; and if she has a small income of her own, it should be a help rather than a drawback, and need not necessitate her standing aside in favor of some less fortunate sister. This possession of private means is often urged as an excuse for not entering into competition with those who solely depend on their own exertions; but in reality it is only the excuse of the idle, for in this world of competition work is seldom overpaid. Therefore all honor is due to the woman who can earn a respectable income by intelligent work, and the craze of money-making is, after all, a legitimate ambition; it is only necessary that the means and the method of doing so should be without reproach.

Professor Blackie Meets His Match.

ONE day when Professor John Stuart Blackie was passing along one of the principal streets in Edinburgh he was accosted by a dirty little street gamin with, "Shine your boots, sir?" The urchin was very importunate, and the professor, being impressed with the extreme filthiness of the boy's face, remarked: "I don't want a shine, my lad, but if you will go and wash your face I'll give you sixpence." "A' richt, sir," was the lad's reply, and going over to an adjacent drinking-fountain he made his ablution. Returning he held out his hand for the money. "Well, my lad," said the professor, "you have earned your money. Here it is." "I dinna want it, auld chap," returned the gamin with a lordly air; "ye can keep it and get your hair cut!"

A Remarkable Cup.

THE world is indebted to the Rothschild family for many large and lasting benefits not included among the loans which they have made to various nations in times of emergency and financial distress. Some of the noblest charities in Europe owe their existence to the generosity of the Rothschilds, and numerous museums and art galleries owe some of their greatest treasures to the beneficence of this family of financiers. A recent gift of this kind was made by Baron Ferdinand Rothschild to the British Museum. It consists of a magnificent collection of examples of antique art and mediæval craftsmanship in the shape of cups, vases, door-knockers, and plates. Of the cups in gold and stones, that shown in our illustration is one of the most notable examples. It dates from the very beginning of the seventeenth century, and the figure above is that of a Saracen. Inside the cup is a gold medal of the Emperor Rudolph II. The foundation is of solid plate, covered with cloth of gold and set with pearls and other jewels. It would be rash to estimate its value, although its total height is only seven and one-half inches.

Another interesting cup is the one in hard stone with two handles mounted in gold. The cover and lower part of the cup are both engraved with gadroons, and mounted in richly enameled gold. The foot contains



THE ROTHSCHILDS' CUP OF GOLD AND PRECIOUS STONES

four diamonds. One is not surprised, after seeing the lavish magnificence of this piece, to find that the Arabic inscription which appears on the side in a small cartouche is that of the great Akbar, Emperor of India. This cup was probably presented to the dusky Emperor by some European sovereign, for it is of German workmanship.

Where Women Pop the Question.

THE beaux of Zambesi file the middle teeth in the upper jaw into the form of a swallow's tail. In one province of Tasmania, a rebellion nearly broke out when orders were once issued forbidding the use of ochre and grease, for the young men feared the loss of favor in the eyes of their countrywomen. Among the Guarayos the suitor, when courting, keeps for days close to the cabin of the mistress of his heart, being painted from head to foot and armed with a battle-club.

The Melonesian women do the courting. When a girl likes a man she tells his sister and gives her a ring of string. The sister says to her brother: "Brother, I have good news for you. A woman loves you." If willing to go on with the affair, through the sister, an appointment is made, and the following dialogue takes place:

The man says: "You like me proper?"

"Yes, I like you proper, with my heart inside."

Unwilling to give himself away rashly, he asks: "Now you like me?"

"I like you altogether. Your skin good."

The girl, anxious to clinch the matter, asks when they are to be married. The man says: "To-morrow, if you like." There is a mock fight when they tell their relatives, and everything is settled.

In Maoriland the girl generally begins the courting. The love-token which the girl throws at the feet of her lover is a little bit of flax made into a sort of half-knot. "Yes" is signified by pulling the knot tight; "No," by leaving the matrimonial noose loose.

Hints on Health Topics.

ONE of the modern medical scares is that library books are haunted by disease germs, and that readers may thus absorb poison for the body together with food for the mind. It is interesting, therefore, to learn that at a conference of librarians in England it was pointed out that this danger is only serious in the case of readers who lick their thumbs in order to turn over the leaves.

Tuberculosis has been placed among the diseases which are subject to quarantine. The commissioner of immigration has so decided in the case of a Japanese who arrived at San Francisco from Japan ill with this lung trouble. It was decided that the patient could not land, but must return to the port from which he sailed.

In a recent address before the New York State Medical Association Sir James Grant, of Ottawa, Canada, spoke of the discovery which he claims to have recently made that there is no such thing as muscular rheumatism. Instead, he asserts, the trouble is due to an over-amount of electricity in the body. He treats the disease by inserting electric needles into the muscles and grounding the current, thus drawing away the body electricity.

Twenty-seven children in an orphan's home near Binghamton, N. Y., contracted typhoid fever from eating apples from a basket of fruit sent to them by a charitable friend. It was found that the apples had been picked by Italian workmen, and the children had eaten them uncooked. It is believed that the Italians had been suffering from typhoid fever. Apropos of this is the testimony of a German physician who purchased some fruit from a fruit-stand near a hospital. He found on examination that it was full of the germs of various diseases prevalent in the institution.

Although cocaine is a comparatively new drug, the excessive use of it has already originated a disease known to the medical profession as "cocainism." In a recent paper on the subject T. D. Crothers, M. D., of Hartford, said that the physiological effects of the excessive use of cocaine are an increased rapidity of heart action, quickened respirations, a false exhilaration, and increased mental and muscular strength. In the later stages hallucinations of danger, distress, and trouble ensue.

He declared that cocainism is one of the most dangerous of drug addictions. Its indiscriminate sale in drug stores should be restricted by law, as it is a most dangerous drug and a veritable poison.

The newspapers tell of a man out in Indiana brought to the point of death as the result of the use of remedies for obesity. Two years ago the man weighed 350 pounds. He began to take anti-fat remedies. He lost flesh rapidly, but impaired his constitution. Ulceration of the stomach and liver set in, and an Indianapolis specialist called and said his death was only a matter of time. Anti-fat remedies, as a rule, are dangerous and should be avoided. The most effective and sensible remedies for obesity are exercise and proper diet. Massage, which has the same effect as exercise, in a degree, may also be recommended. But walking, horseback riding, or any other activity in the open air, if persisted in regularly, will not fail to reduce the flesh, and that in a normal and healthy way. If at the same time the patient will put himself on a simple diet, which may be prescribed by any physician, the desired result will be still further hastened.

About Women for Women.

THE young Queen of Holland, the cultured and beautiful Wilhelmina, has a special detestation of men of the dude variety. She recently declared to an intimate friend that her *bête noire* was the man who "curled his hair and used scent." "I would rather have a man who never combed his hair at all and who smelt of tobacco, than such a creature," said her determined young Majesty—and there is no doubt that she meant what she said.

Every man in India is a good cook. The women cook at home, but in traveling the women are not allowed to show themselves, and so the men do the work. No Hindu will eat food on which any man's shadow has fallen. All Hindus are great ceremonial legalists. The Hindus are of our own Aryan race. They are not like the Chinese and Japanese, alien from our race. They have all the mental capacity of Europeans, and only need the same religion and the same opportunity to shine on an equality with us.

The care of the sick can scarcely reach its highest ideal save where personal attachment supplements knowledge and skill. Therefore it belongs to the life of every woman. There are few households, indeed, where any girl can grow up without some opportunities for this experience. Such opportunities may well be supplemented by lectures, courses of reading, and well-planned demonstrations. If every woman could (as she should) under ordinary circumstances undertake the care of the sick in her own home this would but accentuate the value and raise the status of the "born nurses," who, never happy save in the special exercise of their gift, would then quite suffice for hospital cases and the grand occasions of major operations. The sight of the cap and veil of the hired trained nurse when imported into a household with women members scarcely raises one's idea of the family morale!

MAKING A MESS OF IT.

By KATE STACKHOUSE.

"AND that is the end of our dream?"

"The end," replied Lucy, stiffly.

"You are quite sure?"

"Quite."

"And you will not regret your decision after I have gone out of your life forever?"

"Don't be absurd," said Lucy, stiffly. "Of course I shall have no regrets. I am not so silly as to waste my emotions on a man who—"

"Quite enough said, I fancy, Miss Nethcote," interposed Brisbane. "I realize how foolish I have been. My ring? Ah! Thank you. Your letters—in the morning."

Brisbane offered his hand to her with the air of one who feels sure he is passing something that is not wanted. Lucy's finger-tips just touched his. Hers were cold, though not colder than her look or manner. The boy and the girl each took a couple of steps backward. There was not the least life in either glance. They exchanged slight bows, and Brisbane hurried from the room. Something was rising in Fred Brisbane's throat as he went down the stairs with what he fondly imagined was a stiff, martial tread. Noddle, the butler, was in the hall, seemingly waiting for the young man.

"A pleasant evenink, sir," said Noddle, reaching down the young man's hat and coat and helping him on with them. Then, as Fred, with a nod, passed out of the house without either a word or the bestowal of the customary half-dollar, Noddle knew that it had been anything but a pleasant evening for the departing one.

It was yet hardly six o'clock. The lights twinkling through the early winter night seemed to the young man like the eyes of tantalizing demons laughing at his misery. Man though he was, there was a suspicious moistness in the corners of his eyes; Brisbane was a very young man.

"I always believed she loved me," he thought, as soon as he could think at all. "Confound it, how swiftly she opened my eyes! She wouldn't get rid of me so quickly unless there was another fellow working his way into her heart. Confound him, how I'd like to wring his neck if I only knew who he is!"

Fred had called at four that afternoon. He and Lucy were to have been married in three months. But Fred, the evening before, had been, according to Lucy's notion, too attentive to another girl, who did not stand well in Lucy's books. She had reproached him with it. Fred, innocent of intent to do wrong, had replied banteringly. Lucy, sure now that a slight had been intended, became pink with wrath. At first both had kept their temper fairly well, though icily so. Then the break had come. Lucy, in order to keep back the tears, had said spiteful things. Fred had countered, though mildly. Then the rupture came. And now two young people, who, friends had declared, were "just created for each other," had bidden eternal farewell to thoughts of each other.

"There's some other fellow—that's all there is to it," choked Fred as he hurried along. "I'm done for—dream shattered—life over at twenty-two. Well, there's the club. It won't take me five minutes to reach it. Jolly good fellows there, though before this I always thought them deucedly cynical. I'll go there. Go every night after this. Jolly lot of fun to drink myself to death, though I never thought it before."

So Fred turned into the Vendome Club, left coat and hat at the coat-room, and started on a disconsolate walk through the great airy rooms that were buzzing with laughter, and foggy with tobacco smoke. There were none of the fellows there that he knew just then, so he seated himself at one of the little round tables, leaning back in the soft arm-chair with a feeling that life could not end too quickly. Presently he aroused to a realization of his newly-formed intention of drinking himself to death. He rang the bell and bade the silent waiter bring him a stiff glass of brandy. When it was brought he gulped it so quickly that it choked him.

"Hullo, old chap!" cried a hearty voice, and a hand struck him two or three times sharply on the back. "Drinking spirits, eh—my model boy? You've no business to do it. See how justly and swiftly you have been punished."

It was Jack Ewers who spoke. As soon as he had finished thumping the boy on the back he stood looking down at miserable Fred with a glance of curiosity.

"Let me fill that glass again—for myself. No, you can't have any more," said Ewers, as Fred reached out his hand. "Doesn't agree with little shavers like you."

"See here, Jack, don't get dictatorial," spoke Fred, so sharply that the other opened his eyes in genuine surprise. "I'm old enough to know when I want a glass of brandy. Waiter, another glass—the decanter."

Ewers swallowed his further surprise and said nothing. Fred took the second glass. The stuff nauseated him and he pushed the decanter aside.

"Take it away, waiter," ordered Ewers. Then Jack went on with a rattling fire of all kinds of talk. Fred answered, when he did so at all, in monosyllables. Ewers observed him and cogitated. Jack was eight years older than his friend. He had been a Yale senior when Fred entered the freshman class. Since Fred's graduation they had drifted together again in New York. Ewers was a friendly, laughing, semi-cynical fellow to whom Fred had always looked up. How he wished on this night that he might unburden himself to this older and much more knowing friend. But the heart's wounds are too sacred to be unveiled to another's gaze. Nevertheless, when

Fred, in a fresh accession of grief, called for another brandy after twenty minutes, the observant Ewers said, with emphasis:

"See here, Freddy, you're altogether too steady and sensible a chap to be going at this idiot's gait. What are you trying to do, boy? Drink yourself to death?"

"What if I have some thought of the sort?" demanded Brisbane.

"Fred," replied the other seriously, yet affectionately, too, "there was a time when you looked to me as a friend in all things. I hope those good old days haven't passed. You used to confide in me, ask my advice, and follow it as well. I always advised you for the very best, as I saw it. Isn't there something in which I can help you now?"

So, by degrees, as they sat there in a corner of the room by themselves, Ewers dragged out the story. When he had laid the truth bare, Fred looked in his friend's eyes for signs of sympathy. Instead, he saw a twinkle lurking there.

"Lot of good it did to play the fool to you," cried Fred, savagely. "You're not even sorry for me."

"Sorry?" responded Ewers, promptly. "Not a bit. You're lacking in 'savvy,' my boy. You don't know how to handle women, or you wouldn't be sitting there looking so mighty glum."

"And where did you ever learn anything about women, you confirmed bachelor?"

"Perhaps my freedom from heartaches is due to the fact that I know women well enough to leave them alone," responded Ewers, with affected light-heartedness. And then, striking a different tack, Ewers began to talk to

crowded when the chums arrived. Almost at the door Fred encountered Lucy. He looked at her eagerly, but the girl's nod was so unmistakably indifferent that Fred turned pale. Ewers, who saw, nudged him, and they passed on.

"You see, it's no use," whispered Brisbane.

"Nonsense, you young idiot. Am I the doctor, or am I not?"

Ewers drew his friend—in that light but irresistible way that some men possess—to the outskirts of the largest throng. In the centre of this group stood Dr. Beaver, a vigorous, bushy-headed man of nearly sixty. He was wealthy, a scientist and an enthusiast. Exploration was his mania. Some ten years of his life had already been expended on trips to various odd corners of the earth.

"It is impossible to form any conception in advance," the doctor was declaiming, "of the benefits that will accrue to science through this projected journey of mine. I shall be away three years, fully investigating a part of the world concerning which we are woefully ignorant at present. Everything will be done, and every expense incurred, that will insure the success of the expedition. You all appear to be highly interested in what I am telling you, yet not one of you offers to go with me. And there is so much work to be done—so many heads and pairs of hands are needed!"

"Freddy, my boy," whispered Ewers in his friend's ear, "ask the doctor what he could find for you to do on such a trip."

"What—"

"No questions. Do as I tell you—and at once!"

So Fred bearded the doctor. The latter hailed the youngster's questions with delight. Fred had taken honors in chemistry at Yale. A chemist was needed on this expedition. Fred and Dr. Beaver talked for ten minutes. Then Ewers got his friend away.

"There's Lucy over there. Go and talk to her. After



"THIS IS GOOD-BYE, LUCY," SAID FRED, HUSKILY. "I AM GOING ON THE THREE YEARS' EXPLORATION UP THE CONGO."

the youngster with such earnestness that Fred soon became almost jolly. After all, what was a lover's quarrel? A tiff to-night and kisses to-morrow. That was the way Ewers analyzed it. A woman wouldn't take the trouble to quarrel with a man unless she really cared a whole lot for him.

"And now," insisted Ewers, jumping up, "come up stairs and eat a hearty dinner with me, or I swear I'll tell every fellow here what an ass you've made of yourself."

So they dined. Ewers was too wise to change the subject. He kept on proving to Fred how utterly Lucy must love him. So well did he prove it that Fred began to doubt if it was really Lucy's former engagement-ring in his vest pocket.

"For to-night, no more of the blues," ordered Jack, as they finished their coffee. "I'm the physician, and what you want, my boy, is to get out where there's more life than in this poky old club. Send a boy for your evening clothes. I'm going to take you down to Mrs. Wayland's. You know that old chap, Dr. Beaver, who starts in the morning for a three years' trip up the Congo, is to be the lion of the evening. He's going to tell the guests all about the wonderful discoveries he expects to make up somewhere near the source of the Congo."

"No, I guess that place won't do," negatived Fred. "Lucy is going to be there."

"Then Mrs. Wayland's is the only place in town for you to go to-night. By all means go where Lucy will be. She has been having many a heart-throb since you left her. Go and let her see you again. It will do you good."

"But she'll think—"

"Are you going to mind me or not, laddie? Here I've almost patched up your differences over game and entrée. Are you going to spoil it all now? Come along. I'll go and engineer things for you. You'll be Lucy's escort home to-night, as usual."

Mrs. Wayland's drawing-room and music-room were

a little, if she doesn't relent, mention that you are planning to go with the doctor in the morning. His steamer, the *Vamosc*, sails at ten A.M., you know."

For a wonder there was a vacant seat beside Lucy. Fred dropped into it, talking warily. Lucy neither repelled nor encouraged him, but spoke just as she might to any acquaintance who slightly bored her.

"Did you mean everything that you said this afternoon?" whispered the boy, desperately.

"Certainly," was the cool, dismissing answer.

"Lucy, I've about made up my mind to go on that Congo trip with Dr. Beaver. We shall be gone for three years, you know."

"An excellent plan," she answered, steadily. "It would be the making of you, I should say. Young men are so apt to fritter away their time in society. If you go away with the exploring party for three years you would return five times as much of a man."

"Then you don't care?" queried Fred, weakly.

"I should like to see you go. It would do you so much good."

Fred rose and almost fought his way to Dr. Beaver's side. Ten minutes later, after another prompting from Ewers, he again bent over the girl.

"This is good-bye, Lucy," said Fred, huskily. "I am going on the three years' exploration up the Congo."

Rising, Lucy slowly held out her hand. She was as pretty as ever, but Fred wondered he had never before noticed how cool she could be.

"Good-bye, Mr. Brisbane, and bon voyage."

Fred bore up well enough until they were out of the house. On the sidewalk he almost tottered. Ewers hailed a cab, and they drove away in it.

"You're the doctor, are you?" demanded Fred, savagely, as soon as he could talk. "Well, a jolly nice mess you've made of it. You were going to show me how to make Lucy sorry. She's laughing at me. Confound your knowledge of women! I followed your advice, and

it didn't work worth a copper. Lucy won't have anything to do with me, and I'm pledged to a fool's jaunt for three years in the tropics. Can't even see Lucy walk by on the street. No, no, Jack; I'm not going to shake hands with you to-night. I'm not in a mood for it."

In the morning, looking decidedly "seedy," Fred reached the *Vamose's* dock shortly after nine o'clock. There wasn't such a lot of bustle on the dock. It looked as if the world cared nothing about this wonderful expedition. A few men whom the doctor had hired to go with him were loitering about. Fred felt out of sorts and disgusted with himself. Probably Dr. Beaver was somewhere on board, but Fred didn't take the trouble to ascertain right away. He walked up and down the dock, waiting, for Ewers had promised to come down in the morning. Brisbane wanted to see his friend, apologize for his hot language of the night before, and shake hands. Ewers had made a mess of it in this case, but after all he was a capital fellow, and three years was a long time to be away from him. As Fred waited, a carriage drove on to the dock. The footman jumped down, opened the door, and then began to hustle trunks off of the rear. Noddle stepped out, carrying a portmanteau, and Lucy followed.

"You here?" asked Fred, idiotically, as he advanced to meet her. It was all he could think of to say in that instant.

"Oh, yes," replied Lucy, with a decidedly heightened color that made her bewitching. "You see—I—I—became intensely interested in Dr. Beaver's project. Society women are too apt to lead idle lives, and so—I—I am going with the expedition as a nurse."

"Lucy!"

Fred drew her closely and unresistingly to him. He was not too obtuse to comprehend it all. She did care, and—and— They talked a little, just a little, and in undertones. The *Vamose*, when she sailed that morning, was short by two passengers.

Just as Fred was helping Lucy back into the carriage another carriage rolled up, bringing to the scene a young man who had overslept that morning. Jack Ewers saw the lovers, drew back out of sight, and smiled a Machiavelian smile.

The Dramatic Season.

(Continued from page 323.)

The great event of the New York dramatic season was unquestionably the first appearance of Miss Adams, in Edmond Rostand's greatest dramatic work, "*L'Aiglon*," at the Knickerbocker Theatre, under the generous and superb direction of Charles Frohman. Eliminating Miss Adams from the equation, no one should fail to see this wonderful triumph of the dramatic art. It is Rostand's highest effort, and little has been lost in the free translation of the play made by Louis N. Parker. Miss Adams was bold almost to the verge of audacity in attempting to rival Bernhardt in the greatest play of the season, for she lacks by over a quarter of a century the stage experience of the wonderful French actress, and nature has not endowed her with the physical strength of a performance which might well tax the powers of the strongest.

But the fashionable and enthusiastic audience that flocked to the Knickerbocker on the opening night to welcome most graciously the petite and charming favorite of the American stage did not go to see Bernhardt. It was Maude Adams's night, and I must admit that it was a night of triumph. An historic play, dealing with a foreign court, naturally finds its greatest success in a community where royalty has a reverence and respect altogether lacking in a republic, where every citizen is an independent sovereign. The expectation of a long run for "*L'Aiglon*" may be disappointed, but it ought to remain long enough to permit every admirer of Miss Adams, and every lover of the best in dramatic art, to witness a performance of rare merit.

Miss Adams creates and interprets her own part, and there is pathos and power in her portrayal of the sad but ambitious little prince, the son of Napoleon, who aspires to be another like his immortal father. The requirements of the part are most exacting. Strip the duke of his princely prerogatives, and he is the ordinary young man of no account. He is not a hero, not a lover, nor anything else that is the customary delight of the playgoer. He is a pensive prince, with the hand of death touching his frail figure, feeble in body, but with an ambition built in the spiritual mold. He meets the intrigues of the court to baffle them; and he rejoices in the friendship of the faithful old grenadier, who served his father as he serves the young prince to the last. The prince walks a thorny path amid alternating sunshine and shadow, only to fall before his ambition is attained, and to die with the recital of his father's glory still ringing in his ears.

It is not an easy part, it is a task that might well tax a Bernhardt or a Duse, and Miss Adams performs it with a grace, a skill and cleverness which cannot be denied. Whether she can do better in lighter plays with the comedy element predominating, is a question I need not discuss. Her support is really good throughout, that of J. H. Gilmour, as *Flambeau*, the French grenadier, being especially commendable. Edwin Arden, as *Prince Metternich*; Joseph Francœur, as *Emperor Francis*; Sara Perry, Ida Waterman, Ellie Collmer, George Irving, Margaret Gordon, and the entire cast make up a capable company.

"The Greatest Thing in the World," presented by Liebler & Co., at Wallack's, with Mrs. Le Moyne in the leading rôle, is by no means an uninteresting drama, but it deals with unpopular phases of human experience.

Its chief characters are a young girl who rejects a dissipated lover, only to accept him in the end, and a motherly and eloquent widow whose love for her wayward son is the charm of the performance. A mother's love, which is "the greatest thing in the world," is the theme of the drama, and Mrs. Le Moyne portrays the mother with rare fidelity. Miss Florence Rockwell does her best work in the emotional scene with her lover, in the first act, and Miss Adelaide Thurston wins deserved applause by her admirable and original characterization of *Madge*.

An unexpected hit has been made at the Bijou by Henrietta Crossman, in "*Mistress Nell*." Her success has been the sensational surprise of the dramatic season in New York, and what was expected to be a brief engagement bids fair to be prolonged throughout the season. I shall speak of her performance again.

The substitution of "*Arizona*" in place of "*Quo Vass Iss*" at Weber & Fields' popular music hall was not made a moment too soon, nor was the pruning knife applied to "*Arizona*" too quickly. There is fun enough in "*Fiddle Dee Dee*" to constitute a satisfactory evening's performance at Weber & Fields'.

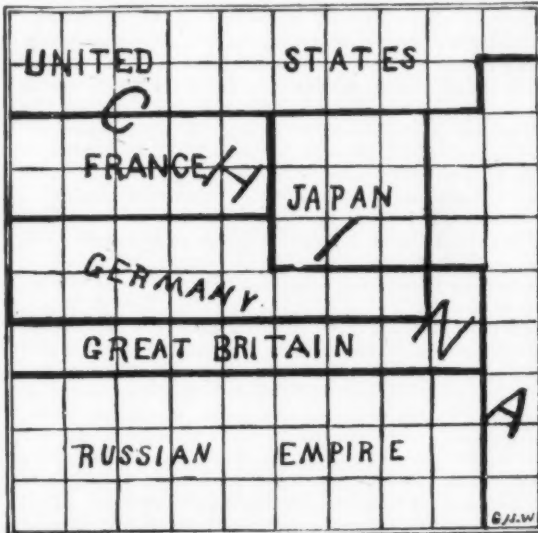
The latest entertainment at the Madison Square Theatre, where every one goes to have a hearty laugh, is a production whose character is correctly described by its title, "*Hodge Podge & Co.*" It only serves as an opportunity to introduce Peter F. Dailey in his surprising whimsicalities. There is nothing of plot or argument in the farce, but there is plenty of extravagant fun in the lightest vein. Dailey makes the most of it, ably assisted by Christie McDonald and numerous other good-looking young ladies.

JASON.

China Against the World.

THE fighting in China may cease, but no one who knows Chinese character or is acquainted with Chinese history will be so foolish as to think that the trouble will then be over. It is time to abandon the illusion that the most durable empire of the world has been built by a race of cowards. Who would have imagined that within five years after the collapse of her arms in the war with Japan, China would have dared offer such a challenge to the allied forces of the world as she has just made?

Finding in their war with Japan that they could not win with their ancient and obsolete weapons, the Chinese set about mastering the use of the arms invented by the "foreign devils." Such has been their success that in



THE POPULATION OF CHINA COMPARED WITH OTHER GREAT NATIONS.

the fighting about Tien-Tsin their rifle and artillery fire was so accurate and destructive that the allied forces for a time believed that it was directed by foreigners. It is too much to hope that the Chinese will not learn of the desperate straits to which the allied forces were reduced, and how easily they might have overwhelmed them had they but known how to follow up their advantage.

All this and much more showing the alarm and apprehension which possessed the civilized world during those weeks of silence and uncertainty will be published in the native papers and spread over China, and the people will realize that they were beaten again because they did not know the game of war. With the patience and persistency which is the greatest characteristic of their race, the Chinese will at once begin to learn this other lesson, and the world may well fear the day when they shall have mastered the art of modern war as they have learned to handle its weapons.

It would have been easy for China to have organized, at every treaty port, as strong a demonstration against foreigners as that at Tien-Tsin. If the resources of the Powers have been taxed to organize the expedition for the relief of Peking, what would they have done if such outbreaks had occurred simultaneously at Newchwang, Tien-Tsin, Chefoo, Kiaochow, Shanghai, Chinkiang, Nanking, Hankow, Hangchow, Ningpo, Foochow, Amoy, Swatow, Hong-Kong, Canton, and Pakhoi. Allowing fifty thousand Chinese troops for an attack on each of these ports would require only 800,000 men, while the present organized forces of China scattered throughout the empire already number 1,800,000. In the four years succeeding the Japanese war the Chinese imported upwards of 1,500,000 stands of arms, while the numbers

made in their own arsenals and factories must be something enormous. The astonishing stores of munitions and supplies found by the allies about Tien-Tsin and Peking may be taken as indicative of what exists in other parts of the empire.

Peking is in the hands of the allies, but China is not conquered. The court has fled, and wherever it has settled, there will be the actual capital of China, to which one-fourth of the human race will look for impulse and direction. There can be no doubt that the Chinese people have determined to compel the world to recognize their rights. The failure of the present uprising will merely be regarded as indicating that the demonstration was premature, and peace will be made in order to gain time in which to prepare and strengthen themselves until they feel strong enough to throw off the mask and again defy the world.

Ultimately they must succeed, for how can the comparatively small forces that civilization can land on their shores hope to stand against the hordes which they can send to overwhelm them? The whole population of the United States is a little less than one-fifth of China's; France has only one-tenth as many; Great Britain and Japan have each the same, Germany only one-eighth, and Russia about one-fourth. China's population exceeds that of all Europe and North America combined. Why, then, should we call it madness that this great empire should dare to defy those who seek to divide and destroy her?

Her potential strength, however, is even greater than is shown by the mere preponderance of her population over that of her enemies. Owing to their peculiar custom of ancestor-worship and their consequent disregard of female infant life, China's population has in it a greater proportion of able-bodied males than any other population in the world. Their unit of population is the family, and this they estimate to average "eight mouths," consisting of father and mother, eldest son and his wife, two unmarried sons, and two children. This makes practically half the population of the empire adult males, and at least one-half of these are capable of bearing arms.

The total arms-bearing population of Europe is less than 35,000,000 men. Add to that 15,000,000 more from North America, and you still have less than 50,000,000 capable of bearing arms; but for every one of them China has two. One hundred million men with which to preserve the ancient empire! There are other respects in which China has the world at a disadvantage. In vitality, endurance, and indifference to discomforts no people in the world can match the Chinese, while their ability to subsist and work on what others would starve on is notorious. Accustomed to unsanitary surroundings, they thrive in camps where others would be decimated by epidemics, while on account of the cheapness of her labor no other Power can wage war so cheaply as can China.

The conquest of China even by the combined Powers may well be abandoned as a hopeless undertaking. The civilized world may be thankful that the instincts of the yellow race are toward agriculture and commerce rather than toward war. It has not been without its great military commanders, and in some of its nations, as the Kins, the Mongols, and the Manchus, the instinct of conquest has been strong. The great Khans who swept over Asia and Europe to the Danube River ruled "over forty kingdoms" and were probably the greatest conquerors the world has ever seen. When their armies found their supplies dwindling they pitched camp, beat their swords into agricultural implements, turned farmers, raised a crop, refashioned their swords, and then marched on. This has repeatedly been done by Chinese armies. They have even taken their women along and raised their new recruits while campaigning.

Napoleon's crossing the Alps was insignificant compared to the task of the Chinese army which whipped the warlike Goorkas through the Himalayas.

It is certainly within the range of possibility that this race may produce another who shall prove as great an adept in modern war as his forebears were in the ancient game. When he comes we shall be thankful that the oceans separate us, but in the meantime the contemplation of such potential strength and its possibilities should, if our sense of right does not, lead us to deal fairly with China. GUY MORRISON WALKER.

Making the World Better.

A FEW of the larger public libraries in the country have added music to their circulation departments, and with marked success. The idea is spreading now to the libraries in the smaller cities. Seattle has just adopted it, beginning with 200 books of vocal and instrumental music.

Chicago has a successful anti-vice organization under the title of the South Side Protective Association. It has purged three wards of disreputable character by direct and sensible methods. It strikes at the root of the social evil by making it plain to landlords that they would conserve their interests by assisting in keeping the neighborhood clean.

The Society for the Moral and Physical Improvement of Young Men, an organization similar in all respects to the Young Men's Christian Association, was successfully launched in St. Petersburg, Russia, on October 15th, in a building specially fitted up for the purpose. This has been done largely through the personal efforts of Franklin Gaylord, the representative of James Stokes, the noted philanthropist of New York, who has invested a princely fortune in such buildings at London, Paris, Berlin, and Rome.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF LIFE.

The Man Who Laughed.

Long time ago, far, far away,
A jovial man did dwell
(The mother of my grandmother
Was young, and knew him well).
A man who roared so rare a laugh,
Of rich and jocund tone,
That others laughed to hear him laugh,
Who had not laughed alone.
The mother of my grandmother
(My grandam used to say),
Would laugh, remembering his laugh,
Until her dying day.
The mother of my mother, too,
Till her last year was spent,
Would shake her ample sides at thought
Of so much merriment.
'Twas thus my mother caught the mood
Of bygone days, and she
With blithesome pleasure spoke of it
And passed it on to me.
And I, when life was rather rough,
Have thought of him and smiled,
The story of whose ancient mirth
Shall hearten up my child.
Not learned, but wise—he faced his lot
And laughed away its ill;
Nor life itself nor death itself
That sturdy laugh could still.
Oh, blest be he whose ringing laugh
Goes echoing through the years,
With brave delight of humble hopes
And hearty scorn of fears!

MRS. GEORGE ARCHIBALD.



ONE TOO MANY.

SIR GALAHAD—"Ah, 'tis hard ter choose. Wid either fair charmer I'd be content. When Rosalind is near me heart palperates so I kin hardly ketch me breath, an' when Lucille an' me takes a walk on de avenoo me head's so dizzy I kin hardly tell when we cum ter de crossin's. Wuz ever mortal so perplexed?"

The Decline of Buckwheat Cakes.

WE have heard much from various quarters during the past few years about the decline of almost everything which formerly distinguished American life and character. Among the things which are in a decadent state, according to these prophets of evil, are reverence for parents, genuine patriotism, love for the beautiful, the taste for good literature, love for sound learning, good oratory, pure and unselfish statesmanship, and the gift for pleasing conversation. It was Governor Rollins, of New Hampshire, who called attention in a proclamation a year or so ago to the decline of piety and family prayers in his part of the country, and President Hyde, of Bowdoin, and other high authorities have noted and deplored the same downward tendency in other sections of the Union.

In looking over a certain New York daily which makes a specialty of decadence we read with consternation that

"Buckwheat cakes are losing favor in this country. The amount of buckwheat raised is only about one-half of what it was thirty-five years ago, notwithstanding the increase of population."

It was by a mere coincidence, no doubt, that this item appeared in the same columns which had chronicled the decline of reverence, refined literary taste, and so many other good things, but we could not help thinking that a certain relation would be found to exist between this latest and saddest decline and the falling off in patriotism, sound statesmanship, and other qualities which have hitherto been the glory of the American people. For, after all, what is more truly emblematic of this land of liberty, what more purely and exclusively American in its origin, history, and associations, than that most toothsome and appetizing ornament of the American breakfast-table known under the various names of buckwheat cakes, flapjacks, and pancakes?

Mr. Rudyard Kipling once wrote of his Vermont home as situated within the great "pie-belt" of America. If he had said within the zone of buckwheat cakes

he would have used a still happier phrase. Pie has been heard of on the banks of the Rhine and the Danube, and is not wholly unknown even in the region of the Hoang-Ho, but buckwheat cakes, otherwise flapjacks, are a joy reserved exclusively for the American citizen. The effete monarchies of the Old World know it not. The buckwheat cake was discovered simultaneously with Plymouth Rock, and has ever since been an integral part of the palladium of American liberty; as much so as the Fourth of July and the stars and stripes. It is a fact now published for the first time that it was buckwheat cakes instead of liberty which Patrick Henry said he would have or die. It is also disclosed in the latest "true life" of Washington that the only time the Father of our Country ever pounded his knee with rage and "said things" was one morning at Mount Vernon when Martha forgot to turn the pancakes and they came to the table "done" on only one side. When the American people begin to repudiate a thing bound up with so many tender associations as this, the day of their political ruin cannot be far away.

No Joel Barlow, strange to say, has ever sung the praises of this most delicious and original American compound, with which hasty pudding is not to be compared. What more sweetly odoriferous than a field of buckwheat in full bloom? What more permeating to the surrounding atmosphere; what more gloriously beautiful? What a pleasing task it would be to trace the history of the buckwheat cake from the joyous seed-sowing in the spring-time through the season of luxuriant blossoming, with a noisy honey-bee in every flower, and on to the harvesting of the rich, dark, heavy-laden sheaves and the rip-rap of the flails upon the threshing-floor! And then the next stage, more idyllic still, the journey to the old grist-mill, the home-coming of the snowy flour, the preparation of the batter with yeast and buttermilk by the buxom country maiden, and then, most entrancing sight of all, the turning and baking with deft and practiced hands of the soft brown cakes upon the smoking griddle for the morning meal.

What mystic art, what consummate skill, known only to the select guild of American housewives, were called into play here to produce the real and only pancake, otherwise the flapjack! Who that has seen these things and known these gustatory joys has not thought of the large possibilities for poetic expression that were thus opened before him—has not felt, indeed, like dropping into poetry himself after the manner of the lamented Silas Wegg? Here, indeed, is an opportunity for some Milton hitherto mute and inglorious to immortalize himself and embalm his name in the grateful memory of his countrymen. We give the hint, but the embalming process should be done quickly, while the buckwheat cake itself still lingers in its pristine loveliness to inspire the muse. To write such an epic in its proper form and spirit the writer should have a stack of the cakes before his eyes, smoking hot from the griddle, with butter and maple syrup within easy reach and more cakes a-coming. To attempt to do justice to the subject under any other circumstances would be an act of madness.

It is an ominous and suggestive fact that the journal in which this fateful paragraph appeared refrained from so much as a word of editorial comment. It doubtless felt that the subject was too deep for tears or groans. We feel that way ourselves. It was the boast of Barlow, the Revolutionary bard aforesaid, that all his bones were "made of Indian corn." Ours were made chiefly of buckwheat cakes. We could bear to hear of the decay of filial love, the passing away from American youth of the desire for Shakespeare and Milton, and might even have been reconciled to the decline of family prayers; but when confronted with the statement that buckwheat cakes, the never-failing joy of our sturdy New England ancestry, the delight of our own boyhood and the strong stay of our riper years, that these too are sliding down the declivity into oblivion, our grief becomes fearful to contemplate and impossible to picture. We are only waiting for the announcement that pumpkin pie is also fading out of the land. And then, who then shall dare to say that, for a true-born American, life will be worth the living?

Little Stories of Big Men.

"SPEAKING of press agents," said David Henderson the other day to a New York *Telegraph* man, "I never knew a man who hated them more than old John Knapp, of the St. Louis *Republican*. He was always afraid he would give somebody a free puff or print something for nothing. He never would publish a lawyer's or a doctor's name if he could possibly avoid it, for fear he would advertise them gratis. One morning a mention was made in the *Republican*—they call it the *Republic* now—of a man having died of Bright's disease. Old man Knapp hunted up the proof-reader and called him into the private office.

"Why did you let that get into the paper?" asked the old man, indicating with his forefinger the objectionable paragraph.

"I don't see but that's all right," said the reader. "You don't, eh?" snapped old man Knapp. "You don't, eh? Do you think we want to advertise that man Bright for nothing? He never had an 'ad' in this paper in his life."

Congressman Clayton, of Alabama, was at one time

a district attorney in his State. In this capacity it became his duty at one time to prosecute an old man for running an illicit still. It was his first offense, and it was not considered, in that quarter of the world at least, as a very important matter. It was thought necessary, however, to make an example. The old backwoodsman was accordingly brought into court, and, after the government had stated its case, the old man, who had no lawyer, asked to be allowed to go on the stand. He was told that this would render him liable to answer any questions, but he insisted. "Well, Uncle John," said Clayton, "did you really make any whiskey in your still?" "Henry," replied the old man, with pathetic tone, "I know'd your pa; I voted for your pa every time he ran for jedge. And, Henry, your pa would never have axed me no question like that." The jurors laughed, the court smiled, and Clayton relented. The old man drove home that night.

How King Oscar Saved 15,000 Francs.

BIOGRAPHICAL literature from the time of Diogenes down abounds in anecdotes of men of commanding genius and more or less eccentricity who have dared to speak to their kingly masters with a frankness which in less privileged persons would doubtless have led to some painful result. All are familiar with the stories of this sort told of Phidias, the sculptor; Mozart, the composer; and Vandyke, the artist. Of a similar character is an incident related in the *Chicago Inter-Ocean* of the artist Anders Zorn, whose work was so popular in this country during and after the World's Fair. The incident relates to the production of Zorn's full-figure portrait of King Oscar II., of Sweden, an oil painting which has been the most conspicuous object in the Swedish pavilion of the Paris Exposition. When this portrait was finished King Oscar was so pleased with it that he sent one of his chamberlains to Zorn with the message that he wanted the artist to go to work at once on a bust portrait of smaller size.

"Yes," answered Zorn, in his usual shrill nasal tone, looking anything but pleasant. "Yes, yes—all right! But tell his Majesty that I don't want to paint him in uniform. I don't want it, and I am not going to do it. Will you be sure to tell his Majesty that?"

"Yes," replied the chamberlain with a smile, and then he returned to the castle and told the King that Zorn was overjoyed by the honor shown him and would be happy to begin work on the new portrait at a stated date and hour.

The King, who possesses in fullest measure the politeness expected of princes, was more punctual at the first sitting than the artist. When Zorn, a little late, was ushered into the royal presence he discovered at once that the King was in uniform.

"Why," he exclaimed unhesitatingly, in pretty much the same tone he had used to the chamberlain, "I said I didn't want to paint your Majesty in uniform!"

"I heard nothing about it," declared the King, with a glance of surprise at the indiscreet artist.

"Well, well, well!" muttered Zorn, while he put his easel in order. "But then I'll tell your Majesty something. If I have to paint your Majesty in uniform I shall have to charge my large price."

"How much is that?" inquired the royal customer.

"It is 25,000 francs, your Majesty," explained Zorn. "But if your Majesty will change clothes I'll only charge my small price, which is 10,000 francs."

"Well," mused the King, trying to look very serious, "that's a very big sum—25,000 francs. Why, my dear Zorn, I'll tell you what I'll do—I think I shall have to change clothes."

The King retired to his private apartments for a short time, and when he appeared again to resume the sitting he was dressed as a private citizen.



THE OLD RACKET FAILED.

MOSSY DELLS—"How'd yer git in that state, Hunkey—struck a cyclone?"

WOODLAND GLADES—"De ol' respectable racket has failed, Mossy. I went over ter dat house an' told de boss I was out uv work; den I shed tears an' said I'd jest buried me wife. He said I was a chuckle-headed idjit an' didn't know w'en I'd struck luck, an' set de dog onto me. You'd better go over an' work de driven-ter-drink-through-a-bad-wife racket on him."

AMONG THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

A Filipino's Revenge.

AN AMERICAN ARMY BOY'S EXPERIENCE IN THE JUNGLE.

By THOMAS P. AUSTIN.

"So you're the thief?"

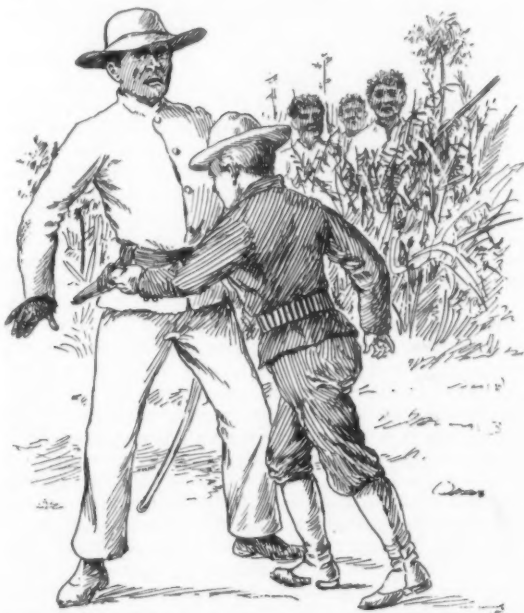
Captain Griscom spoke in a rage as he came into the room and halted suddenly, to find that sleek-looking Filipino, Pedro, rifling his desk. In fact, the wily Malay was in the act of slipping a roll of American bank-notes into his pocket.

In two bounds Griscom reached the fellow's side, seized him by the collar, and began to shake him.

"I was save it for you," protested the Filipino in his broken English.

"You lie, you dog!" roared the captain. Then, sinking into a chair, still holding the Filipino by the collar of his white shirt and forcing the thieving wretch to his knees, Captain Griscom went on, in an aggrieved tone:

"Pedro, for two years I have trusted you. When I first reached these islands you were recommended to me as a servant. I believed you honest. You always



"WITH A MOVEMENT QUICK AS A FLASH, BERT SNATCHED THE WEAPON OUT OF ITS HOLSTER."

seemed to be trying your best to serve me. No less than three times I have rescued you from the clutch of the authorities when you were arrested for brawling, just because I believed you to be a good, simple fellow, and honest. Lately several things have been stolen from these quarters of mine. I spoke to you about it, and each time you have told me how you suspected some other native. Now I have caught you in the act. You are a thief, and I ought to send you to prison."

"Mercy, master!" implored Pedro, clasping his hands. "Do not send me prison. It kill me."

"Give back that money," sternly ordered the captain.

From inside his shirt Pedro fished the roll of banknotes, gazed longingly at them for a moment, and then passed them to the army officer.

"I've a good mind to send you to prison," insisted the American, after he had pocketed his money.

"No, no! Don't do!" whined the brown-skinned Filipino.

"I won't," retorted Captain Griscom, with energy. "I'll punish you in a better way."

Leaping to his feet, he yanked the Filipino from the floor. Griscom was one of the tallest men who had ever come out of West Point. Pedro was not over five feet three inches. Griscom was noted as being one of the strongest men in the army. Now he threw into his arm all the vigor of which he was capable. Wrench! Twist! Up and down! Pedro was shaken until his teeth rattled. All over the room the captain dragged his victim, shaking him so that the Filipino howled for mercy. Reaching his chair at last, Griscom plumped himself down into it, drew the Malay across his knee and administered a good, old-fashioned spanking. Pedro's howls were redoubled.

At length, very red in the face, Griscom flung the fellow away from him. Pedro landed in a heap, then got slowly and painfully upon his feet.

"You do right, master," he said, slowly, between sobs. "I be better *hombre* (man) after this."

"You'll be a better *hombre* for some one else, then," snapped Griscom, grimly. "I'll never trust you around here after this. You can go back to your people."

At this threat Pedro's face was full of the liveliest terror.

"No, no! Not go back to Filipinos," he protested. "They kill me because I been *hombre* for Americano."

At this Captain Griscom looked thoughtful. He was not an ugly man, still less an inhuman one. He remembered that Filipinos had been killed by their own countrymen for serving Americans. Certainly Pedro's offense did not merit death.

"Very good, then," said the captain. "In the morn-

ing an escort train will go down to Mandaban to meet the transport for Manila. I shall send you back to Manila."

"Master very good," acknowledged Pedro, with a bow that he had learned from former Spanish masters. Then the rascal, having some common sense, vanished. Captain Griscom, after locking his desk tightly and looking to make sure that nothing valuable was loose about the room, stepped out of his quarters.

"You will see that Pedro does not go back into my quarters," said Griscom to the soldier who stood as sentry outside his door. "Repeat that order to the sergeant of the guard."

Then the captain went about his duties. He had plenty of them to attend to. He was commandant at Bantaglaio, a city of some four thousand inhabitants in the northern part of the island of Luzon. Under him were three lieutenants and about one hundred and fifty of the best American soldiers. It was the captain's business to preserve order in the city of Bantaglaio and in the country roundabout. This was no easy task. Through the district roamed several hundred Filipino rebel soldiers. The captain spent most of his time sending out detachments of his men to pursue these murderous little brown men. There were rumors that Aguinaldo himself was headed that way, and that the Filipinos, two or three thousand strong, meant to attack the soldiers in Bantaglaio. A report to that effect had come in this very morning, and soldiers were digging new trenches in the suburbs of the city. As the captain stood on the porch of the abandoned church that served as his headquarters he caught sight of his fifteen-year-old son, Bert. That youngster lived most of the time with his mother at Manila. Like most boys born in the army, Bert had a yearning to be always with the soldiers. Believing that an era of peace was at hand, Captain Griscom had allowed Bert to come up on the last transport from Manila. For two weeks Bert had run about with the soldiers, feeling perfectly happy in this out-door military life.

"See here, boy," called Captain Griscom, and Bert came toward him. "My boy, I have word that the Filipinos are going to attack us here."

"Good! I hope they do," was Bert's quick answer. "I've never seen a real fight—nothing better than those tedious sham fights. I hope the enemy will come soon, dad."

"I hope they don't come at all," replied the captain, slowly. "This killing and being killed isn't such fine business, after all, lad. However, you won't see it, anyway. I'm going to send you down to Mandaban tomorrow, to take the transport back to Manila."

In a twinkling Bert's face lengthened decidedly.

"That's too bad, dad," he remonstrated. "I've always wanted to see our soldiers in battle, and this is the first chance I've ever had. It's too—"

"No matter what it is," retorted his father, crisply. "You go to Mandaban with the escort train in the morning. How do you think I could do my duty here if I kept thinking about the chances you were running of being killed? So back you go!"

That was an order, nothing more nor less, so Bert, badly as he felt over the decision, saluted and turned slowly away. Some day he hoped to be, like his father, an American army officer. First of all, he must learn to obey.

Pedro made himself scarce for the rest of the day. He edged his way into the nearest clump of jungle, lay at full length on his back, and rolled and smoked a great number of cigarettes. A Malay never forgives a blow, meek as he may seem when he receives it. So Pedro dreamed all day of revenge. As for Captain Griscom, he all but forgot the affair, and did not even think to mention it to Bert.

As night and the starlight came on, Bert, wishing to make the most of his last night with the troops, started out along the road that led northward from Bantaglaio. He wanted to visit the sentries and talk with them. As he passed one tree along the lonesome road a figure darted out from behind a tree. Whack! Bert fell unconscious. When he came to he was being carried swiftly through the forest in Pedro's arms.

"Drop me!" insisted the boy. "What on earth do you mean?"

Bert struggled so that Pedro flung the boy from him, whipped out a knife, and growled:

"You my prisoner! Walk along! You not do, I kill you!"

Bert shivered. Well he knew, from the stories the soldiers had told him, how wonderfully clever the Filipinos were with these wicked knives.

"I won't stir a step," he quivered. "Pedro, you'll be richly punished for this. When my father—"

"You never see your father again," quickly asserted Pedro, with an evil grin on his face. "He beat me today. Now I take you away."

"No, you won't," snapped Bert, all the spirit of the army in him coming to the top. "Maybe you'll kill me, but you won't get me to go a step farther with you."

There was a rustle in the bushes, and three more Filipinos joined Pedro. Two of them carried Mauser rifles; the third bore a sabre and revolver at his belt. Pedro jabbered swiftly at them in Spanish, and they surrounded the boy. The men with the revolver came a little too near. With a movement as quick as a flash Bert snatched the weapon out of its holster, jumped back a few feet, and leveled the pistol at the group. One of them started to level his rifle at the boy's head. Bert

looked so cool and ready that he dropped his piece to the ground. The other Filipino soldier, with a cry, darted into the jungle and was gone. There was not a second to lose.

"Be quick, now!" ordered Bert, menacing the trio with his weapon. "Back to Bantaglaio. You've got an American to deal with, and you're going there, dead or alive!"

Though they snarled, Pedro and his two companions decided to obey. Bert kept a dozen feet behind them, his senses all on the alert, until he reached the nearest sentry. After that it was a simple matter to get the prisoners into town. Somehow Bert had vanished by the time that the captives were turned over to his father. But when Captain Griscom had time to spare, he found his son in their quarters. From the boy he obtained the whole story.

"Who do you suppose that chap with the sword is, eh?" demanded the captain, beaming at his son. "Colonel Uardo, one of the most rascally of all the Filipinos. His capture is a big night's work—a job that I'd be proud of myself. Bert, my lad, you're a real army boy—though I never doubted it."

"Have I earned the right to a reward, dad?"

"What do you want?"

"Let me stay over until the next transport, and see the fight that's coming."

Bert stayed. He saw the fight, too; even used a spare rifle during the short engagement, in which the Filipinos were whipped, and then went back safe to Manila.

Chinese Stories for Children.

It is a fault, we think, of many books for children found in Sunday-school libraries, that they exaggerate the virtues of the boys and girls who figure in their pages, making them out to be so excessively good that their effect is lost on ordinary boys and girls, who can hardly hope to attain to such heights of virtue. An amusing "take off" in the style of books of which we speak is afforded in a volume of "Chinese Stories" prepared by an English missionary who found his material in a volume just now very popular in China. Here are two of them:

There was once a man named Han. When he was a boy he misbehaved himself very often, and his mother used to beat him with a bamboo rod. One day he cried after the beating, and his mother was greatly surprised, and said:

"I have beaten you many a time, and you have never cried before; why do you cry to-day?"

"Oh, mother," he replied, "you used to hurt me when you flogged me; but now I weep because you are not strong enough to hurt me."

"It makes me weep," says the Chinese moralist, "even to read the story."

There was a boy once named Woomang, or "Brave Talkative." When only eight years old he was very dutiful to his parents.

They were very poor, and could not afford even mosquito-curtains for their bed in the summer, so their little boy used to get into his parents' bed early in the evening and let the mosquitoes do their worst at biting him for an hour or two; and then, when they were surfeited with his blood, and fatigued with their venomous exertions, he got out, and called to his parents to sleep in peace.



A SCHOOL OF FISH.

Chinese Advice to Mothers.

THE ideas of the Chinese in regard to the duties of women, as of everything else, are of a peculiar kind, a mixture of much that is wise and good with some things that are otherwise. It would be hard, however, to find fault with any of the precepts laid down in the primer for girls entitled "Nu rh Yu," written by Sin Kwan, Governor of Kinangsi, in 1838, and since a classic in Chinese households. The following bit of advice to mothers from this primer is sensible as well as quaint.

In all your care of tender babes
Mind lest they're fed or warmed too much;
The childish liberty first granted
Must soon be checked by rule and rein;
Guard them from water, fire, and fools;
Mind lest they're hurt or maimed by falls;
All flesh and fruit when ill with colds
Are noxious drugs to tender bairns,
Who need a careful oversight,
Yet want some license in their play.

HINTS TO MONEY-MAKERS.

(Continued from page 323.)

A cleverly manipulated short interest was more responsible for the sudden spurt in the stock market than anything else. The market was over-sold at home and abroad, and a combination of wealthy and experienced operators suddenly discovered the long-looked-for opportunity of engineering a rise which would enable them to unload, with a profit, at least a part of their large accumulated holdings. The moment the market became active on the bull side, so that the strained resources of the banks were put at still further tension, the rates for call money advanced sharply, and a reaction set in. Still, many were inclined to believe that a great and long-continued bull movement had been started. I see nothing to warrant this belief beyond the fact of our unexampled prosperity during the past two years, and the large balance of trade in our favor. Whether or not these factors have been abundantly discounted any one can judge by reflecting on the enormous advance in the price of stocks and bonds which has taken place since the election, four years ago.

I still believe that securities which yield only from three to four per cent. per annum to the investor are as high as they can reasonably be expected to go in this era. Unquestionably the time will come, and many see signs of its near approach, when railroad earnings will recede from the high tide of the present, when exports will diminish, and when interest rates will advance. The gathering war-clouds in Europe, the inflation of prices in the stock markets of Berlin, London, Paris, and Vienna, the strenuous efforts to prevent a panic on some of these exchanges, and the approaching uncertainty of the business settlements at the close of the year, are factors the bears have not yet discounted and that the bulls must reckon with in due time.

Of course there will be opportunities, now and then, for making a good profit by investments in stocks which may be benefited by deals or combinations. The striking advance in Pacific Mail, for instance, on the mere report that the Harriman-Vanderbilt interest sought control shows how a few great operators on "the inside" can make their fortunes in a day. In this connection I ought to call the special attention of my readers to the fact that the bunco tipsters in Wall Street, and so-called "investment" agencies, "advisory boards," and so forth, that are making bags of money out of credulous and inexperienced customers all over the country, by pretending to have accurate knowledge of deals and combinations, seem to be woefully left regarding all the great "deals" that really occur in Wall Street. Such affairs are always conducted with the greatest secrecy. If all the world knew what the great operators were doing, there would be little of actual value for the latter in the division of profits. Secrecy is therefore absolutely essential to the success of every deal, and it is preposterous to believe that the bunco tipsters of Wall Street, even if they knew of an impending master stroke, would offer to sell their information. Their chance of making money would be by maintaining secrecy and speculating on their own account.

"D." Brooklyn: National Salt preferred is a good speculative investment.

"W. P. S." Burlington, Ia.: Do not recommend either as a permanent investment.

"L." Plainfield, Vt.: You will not lose anything eventually if you can protect your sales.

"C." St. Albans, Vt.: Answered elsewhere in this column.

(2) Think well of U. P. preferred for investment.

"Salol." Portland, Me.: I would be in no hurry to cover. (2) Yes, before the first of February.

"H." Pittsburg, Penn.: From one share upward. (2) None is reliable and impartial. (3) Its value is fictitious and uncertain. (4) The Sun.

"S." Baltimore: Manipulators are trying to put Northern Pacific common as high as Union Pacific common, but it is not worth it, and is selling as high as its condition and prospects warrant.

"B. G." St. Louis, Mo.: The parties you name are not rated by the commercial agencies as of high standing. I do not like their plan and would advise you to be exceedingly careful.

"M. C. O." New York: The reported surplus of Tennessee Coal and Iron, as I understand it, excludes dividends and interest paid. (2) The funded debt of Tennessee Coal and Iron is about \$10,500,000. Of course this makes a difference in the value of the stock.

"F." Animosa, Ia.: Both are speculators rather than first-class bankers or brokers. Some of their methods of business have not my approval. (2) Watch this column, and on declines buy dividend-payers that are recommended. You can afford to wait.

"Trustee." Hartford, Conn.: Some of the cheaper class of bonds are the New York Gas, Electric Light, Heat and Power bonds at a little over 93, the Rio Grande Western first cons. bonds around 90, and the Kings County Electric Light, Heat and Power Company purchase money sixes around 121.

"Objector." Memphis, Tenn.: Three-quarters of the reports regarding deals and combinations to enhance the prices of stocks which you read in the newspapers have nothing behind them but a purpose to raise the prices of the stocks to enable insiders to sell out. This sort of bogus information is being constantly disseminated, and newspapers which lend themselves to such schemes deserve the reprobation and contempt of decent men.

"Clerk." Minneapolis, Minn.: I would rather buy the income bonds of Standard Rope and Twine than to fool with the stock. (2) M. K. & T. preferred claims to be earning over five per cent.; Northern Pacific common, over eight; Reading first preferred, over eight; Southern Pacific, twelve; Union Pacific, fifteen; Norfolk and Western, ten; and Atchison common, fourteen. Of course, if these phenomenal earnings were expected to continue, the stocks would sell at much higher figures.

"Banker." Helena, Mont.: Your plan of buying inactive stocks on declines is excellent. Manipulated stocks are too often squeezed dry by insiders before the out-

siders know what is going on. I believe in the future of Long Island, M. K. & T. preferred, Canada Southern, Pacific Mail, Ontario and Western, Erie first and second preferred, and in the preferred stocks of many of the industrials which are inactive but are regular dividend-payers, especially those which have not a load of bonds ahead of their stocks.

"B." Philadelphia, Penn.: I have read the circular you sent me and can only say that on its face the scheme is preposterous. It is one of a hundred such schemes which work all right at certain times, but which work all wrong when the market fluctuates decidedly. It is a risky business. If any man knew that a certain stock was to rise or fall he would not need to ask any one to participate in his profits, and he certainly would not.

"Met." New York: I do not see how you can escape the consequences of your indiscretion in dealing with one of a class of bunco-men in Wall Street against which I have constantly warned the readers of this column. The \$3,000 you have lost was paid for experience. It may be some consolation to know that the same experience has cost a great many others a good deal more. The suit you refer to has not yet been tried. If I had been victimized as you have been I would take the best legal advice and see if a criminal prosecution could not be begun. Men who take advantage of confiding investors, as has been done in your case and in thousands of others, ought to be in state-prison.

"Old Timer." Kansas City, Mo.: One of the veteran observers of Wall Street manipulation, whose facilities for observation are unusually good, believes that heavy holders of stocks have been trying to put them up so as to make a market on which to unload in case of a quick boom after the Presidential election. It is well to watch the market carefully. (2) The substantial rise in silver to the highest price paid since 1896 is a good thing for the silver-producing sections and the railroads that traverse them. (3) I would rather have American Linseed Oil than Federal Steel common, even at the higher price of the former. (4) Your idea of investing in stocks that are selling now but little higher than they were during the terrible slump of four years ago is excellent. These include Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, Erie first preferred, Manhattan Elevated, and M. K. & T. preferred.

"B." Okolona, Miss.: The Buffalo Gas fives declined recently because an insider unloaded quite a lot of the bonds. The gas situation in that city is not altogether satisfactory. (2) I do not recommend the purchase of cotton. I think the late options offer better opportunities on the bear side, the later the better. Next summer's options, I believe, are a decided sale. (3) American Woolen preferred at 60 is a fair industrial speculation as long as the woolen trade continues good, but there are many signs that the wave of prosperity is receding. American Ice preferred is better. It is a close corporation with a good monopoly, and earns its dividend, and much more. (4) Among the industrials, Linseed Oil preferred offers opportunities for investment, and so does American Chic, preferred and common. I do not advise the extensive purchase of stocks now. If the market breaks, your opportunity will come.

"W." Harrisburg, Penn.: The American Alkali Company is a Philadelphia corporation with some prominent men in it. Its chief promoter is a man who has made a good deal of money by floating enterprises of a speculative character. The amount of money invested by the organizers is uncertain, and I am unable to learn more than that the company was incorporated with the enormous capital of \$20,000,000, and that there are 480,000 shares of common and 120,000 shares of preferred stock, at \$50 each. The company claims that all of the preferred stock has been subscribed for. It is to manufacture chemicals, under patent processes, at Sault Ste. Marie. The thing looks to me like a speculation rather than an investment, and the price of the stock confirms the impression that it is not much better than any other scheme of the kind. No doubt manipulation could advance the stock to the advantage of those who hold the most of it, but this is a game in which insiders take all the profits and outsiders all the risk.

"F." Battle Creek, Mich.: Selling short is just as legitimate as purchasing stocks with the expectation of a rise. Your premises are correct, and during the past year those who have logically followed out your conclusion and stood on the bear side consistently have made money. There are those who believe that our extraordinary business prosperity is to continue for another year without interruption. Other and equally sagacious observers believe to the contrary and predicate this judgment largely on the collapse of the iron boom and on the expected collapse of speculation in money centres abroad, where panicky conditions may become alarming at any moment. (2) Shrewd operators usually sell those stocks short which, during a boom period, have, by manipulation, been advanced beyond reasonable and conservative limits; for instance, Brooklyn Rapid Transit sold at 120 to 130, though it had never paid a dividend; and Tennessee Coal and Iron, at 120, though the signs of a collapse in the iron market were evident. American Sugar was selling at unwarranted figures in the face of a publicly announced combination to fight it. There is not so much guesswork in buying and selling stocks by sagacious men as some imagine.

"H." Providence, R. I.: United States Leather common is a favorite with a certain class of speculators, but its report for last year was unsatisfactory. It has the enormous capitalization of \$120,000,000, and the proposition to bond it, in order to pay the dividends in arrears, is not calculated to add to the value of its existing obligations. (2) George T. Sullivan was expelled from the Consolidated, Stock, and Petroleum exchanges for "alleged obvious fraud." You can draw your own conclusions. (3) While the friends of Atchison common still insist that it will advance, I do not regard it as a purchase. (4) The statement of Tennessee Coal and Iron for September is significant. The net earnings for September, 1899, were \$217,000, and for the past September \$140,000. The surplus in September, 1899, was \$171,000, and for last September, \$21,000. A continuance of this sort of showing would be regarded as distinctly unfavorable, but there is a possibility that the statement was made to present its worst side; because I observe that the charges for last September were \$119,000, while for September, 1898 and 1899, they were only \$47,000 and \$46,000, respectively. (5) Conservative financiers see no reason for a strong and persistent bull movement during the remainder of this year, and on every quick advance they are in the market to sell it short.

"Pluto." Milwaukee, Wis.: Texas Pacific, Wabash preferred, and Southern Pacific are good stocks for speculation, if properly bought. (2) Information of combinations to absorb railroad properties that will advance the prices of the latter is difficult to obtain. (3)

An investment should be predicated on some knowledge of the business the railroad is doing. You can draw at least a few inferences from its weekly or monthly statements of earnings and from the general condition of trade in the sections through which it runs. (4) Unless it has established its position as a dividend-payer, Northern Pacific at present prices looks high enough. (5) Pacific Mail is a dangerous stock to meddle with, especially at this time, before the opening of Congress, and before it is known what the outcome of the proposed subsidy legislation will be. (6) Wabash common has no intrinsic value. It has been dormant for a long time, and many have held it for years in expectation of a rise. Some day, no doubt, it will come. (7) Existing conditions do not warrant the hope of an extensive bull market. McKinley's election has been discounted. (8) I think you will cover your Northern Pacific without a loss before the first of February. (9) Linseed preferred at 51 is a fair speculative purchase. I have long regarded this stock as one of the strong industrials, provided its management sticks to business and leaves speculation alone. (10) On its earnings Brooklyn Rapid Transit would not be worth 55, but on its possibilities and the hope of a combination of all local traction stocks it has sold and may still sell much higher.

JASPER.

Life Insurance.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable.]

I HAVE consistently advised the readers of this column to study the question of insurance for themselves and to reach their own conclusions as to the respective merits of what are known as the old-line and assessment plans. Assessment insurance has only one thing to commend it, and that is its cheapness. Nothing is cheap which in the end does not accomplish that which you expect and pay for. Assessment insurance is cheap only at the outset. An assessment policy diminishes in value with your increase of years, while a policy in an old-line company increases in value. Valuable testimony on this point was recently given in a letter by Charles I. Westerfield, the vice-president and general manager of the Chicago Guaranty Fund Life Society, an assessment life-insurance concern which recently approved a proposition to reinsure its members in a level premium or old-line company.

In his letter approving this plan Mr. Westerfield says that when the Chicago Guaranty Fund Life Society was organized, in 1884, assessment life insurance was in high favor with the public. He adds that it was based on the theory that the accumulation of a reserve fund, according to the time-honored practice of the old-line companies, involved a needless increase of premiums, the assessment associations holding that it was only necessary when a death occurred to levy an assessment sufficient to pay for the loss. "But," Mr. Westerfield adds, "how disastrous this theory has proved in practice is shown conclusively by its almost universal abandonment and the failure of many of these companies during the past few years." Mr. Westerfield goes on to show that assessments are bound to increase as a man grows older, and that the older men grow the faster they die, and the more it costs to pay their losses. With the increased assessments, young men and well men would refuse to pay them, while old men and sick men, who could not insure elsewhere, would retain their membership. This was the experience of his own association, and it has been that of many others—an experience that has profited those who have borne it in mind, but that has been lost upon hundreds of thousands who do not realize its vital importance.

"R." Columbia, Tenn.: The question you submit is a controverted one which I believe the courts will have to settle, if anything is left of the concern at the termination of the period of your contract.

"H. L." New Orleans, La.: The Order of Tontis no longer exists. It was a sort of beneficial assessment association, which promised to make its members rich before they knew it. It went into the hands of a receiver, like a number of its predecessors. You will have to take what the receiver can pay you.

"C." Polo, Ill.: You cannot blame an agent for offering the best possible inducements to his customers. At the same time I think an agent is hardly justifiable in citing an illustration of the result of past years' policies and pretending to believe that new policies will guarantee similar results. I see nothing in your point of insuring in a company that makes a specialty of non-participating insurance. Either one of the great New York companies will give you a first-class non-participating policy. The selection that you have made is not the one that I would prefer.

"S." Erie, Penn.: The United States Life Insurance Company, of New York, is a stock concern which last year reported total premium receipts of \$1,306,000, and total miscellaneous expenses of over \$500,000, and a little over \$1,000,000 paid to its stockholders. It is not one of the largest companies, but stands very well. It paid in cash dividends to its policy-holders last year over \$103,000. I would not prefer it to the Mutual Life, the Equitable, the New York Life, or any of the other strong old-line companies.

"W. M." Brooklyn, N. Y.: It is always well to deal directly with the insurance company in such a matter as you inquire about. The terms of the policy, which is your contract with the company, ought to definitely define what you are to receive, but if you misunderstand these terms you should address a plain, direct question to the company. The Prudential is well organized and well managed, and deals fairly with its policy-holders. If your answer, however, should prove to be unsatisfactory, I would be glad to have you communicate further with me.

The Hermit.

Oklahoma's Next "Boom."

THE GOVERNMENT WILL SOON OPEN NEARLY TWO MILLION ACRES OF PRACTICALLY FREE LANDS TO NEW WHITE SETTLERS.

WITHIN a few months President McKinley will open to settlement under the homestead laws nearly 2,000,000 acres of land in the reservation hitherto belonging to the Kiowa, Comanche, and Apache Indians, in Oklahoma. Hundreds of prospective settlers, owing to the uncertainty of the time of opening, are already gathering on the borders of the reservation, prepared for the rush. The time of opening will depend upon the progress made by Secretary of the Interior Hitchcock in allotting to the members of the tribes who have disposed of the reservation the tracts which are to be given them according to the act of Congress providing for the entrance of the white settlers.

The Kiowa, Comanche, and Apache Indian Reservation is situated in the extreme southern part of Oklahoma and is bounded on the south by Texas, on the west by Greer County, on the north by Washita County and the Wichita Reservation, and on the east by the Chickasaw Nation Reservation. The tract to be made free to settlers contains 2,414,553 acres, less the 50,000 acres embraced by the Fort Sill military post, certain lands that are retained by the government for school and other public purposes, and 459,520 acres that are to be allotted to the Indians of the three tribes that have sold their domain to the government. Of the truly agricultural lands there are but 79,340 acres, although the greater part of the remainder that is available is excellent for grazing purposes.



THE SHADED SECTION ON THIS MAP SHOWS THE FREE LANDS IN OKLAHOMA SOON TO BE OPENED.

The valleys of the Washita and Little Washita contain the principal part of the farming territory, although even these are uncertain for crops on account of the scarcity of rain. With the exception of the Wichita Mountains and along the streams the country is timberless. There are at present on the reservation 2,872 persons, including 1,553 Comanches, 1,126 Kiowas, and 193 Apaches, the red people being widely scattered. The Indians are peaceable and most of them have places selected for habitation, upon many of which there are valuable improvements. Almost every family has a herd of cattle, one full-blood boasting of 900 head.

Under the law opening the reservation, each Indian over the age of eighteen years has the right to select 160 acres to be held in severalty. The father, or, if he be dead, the mother, may select for each child under the prescribed age a similar plot; and the Indian commissioner, or his agent, is to perform the office of selection for each orphan under eighteen. The Secretary of the Interior is also to select 480,000 acres of grazing lands, to be set aside as a common pasture for the three tribes. The allotments made to the individual Indians are to be held in trust by the Secretary of the Interior for twenty-five years, and at the expiration of that time are to be conveyed in fee simple to the allottees. In addition to the considerations mentioned for the cession of territory, the United States government agrees to pay to the three tribes \$2,000,000—\$500,000 to be distributed per capita by Secretary Hitchcock at such times as he believes it will be of most benefit to the red men, interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum to be paid per capita on the funds remaining in the Treasury. The remaining \$1,500,000 is to be placed to the credit of the Indians at the same rate of interest which is to be disbursed per capita.

The terms governing the entry of white settlers upon the opening of the great tract are those prescribed by statute, and in addition there must be paid \$1.25 per acre for the land at the time of submitting final proof of possession. It is also provided that, should any of the lands allotted to Indians or settlers be found to contain valuable mineral deposits, they shall be subject to further entry under the existing mining laws of the United States. The railway facilities for reaching points where the reservation may be entered after the President's proclamation are somewhat limited. The Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific line runs nearly parallel with the entire eastern border, varying from half a mile to five miles in distance from the coveted territory. Ninne-

kah, Rush Springs, Marlow, Duncan, Tucker, and Addington are accessible points on this road. Woodward, the nearest point on the Santa Fé system, a United States land-office town, is about one hundred miles to the northwest of the nearest land in this new settlement tract. The Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fé Railway runs somewhat parallel to the Rock Island, but from thirty to fifty miles farther east of the new land of the "boomers," Wynnewood, one of the nearest stations, being forty-eight miles away.

An interesting feature of the great tract which is to be given up to the progressive influences of the white man and eventually become a thriving part of the future State of Oklahoma is the Fort Sill Military Reservation, a little east of the centre of the red men's lands, and upon which the army post is situated. Within the 50,000 acres embraced by this government institution are confined the survivors of Geronimo's band of Apaches, who are being held as prisoners-of-war and taught the rudiments of stock-raising. The Indian hunting-ground which is soon to pass out of the possession of the race that once ruled the Western continent is practically the last of the desirable tracts of land to be opened for the benefit of Americans who have an ambition to secure free homes.

LA MONTE WALDRON.

Prosperity in the South and West.

AN estimate based on assessment rolls received at the State Auditor's office in Mississippi places the increase in property values in that state this year at \$22,500,000. In three counties alone the increase is \$2,198,912.

A new line of steamships began plying between Philadelphia and Savannah on October 1st, and the business men of both of these terminal ports are congratulating themselves on their increased facilities for trade. The steamers are of 3,000 tons capacity and will sail from each of the ports named every five days. It is believed that the benefits of this new line will be felt all through the South.

According to the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, the active business being done in New Orleans this fall, instead of declining as the season advances, grows steadily larger. The increase in bank clearings in September over the same month of 1899 was 32 per cent.; but October will do better, the bank clearances for the week amounting to \$13,586,358, as compared with \$8,979,696 for the corresponding week of last year, an improvement of 51.3 per cent.

A recent number of *The Tradesman*, of Chattanooga, Tennessee, publishes a long list of the new industries recently established in different parts of the South. Among them we note the following: An acetylene company in Tennessee; coal mines in Texas and West Virginia; cotton-seed oil-mills in Georgia and Mississippi, and a \$350,000 plant, burned, to be rebuilt at Houston, Texas; cotton mills in Florida, Georgia, and South Carolina; a \$100,000 canal and irrigation plant at Beaumont, Texas; a coffin factory in Georgia; cooperage works in Kentucky; a chair factory in East Tennessee; a \$50,000 canning and fertilizer factory at Gulfport, Miss.; a cigar factory in Florida; an electric light and power plant in Georgia; and flouring mills in Alabama, Louisiana, Kentucky, and Tennessee.

A Buffalo banker sends the *Commercial* of that city a card giving a condensed report of the condition of the Washington National Bank, of Seattle, one of his correspondents, with the accompanying remark: "While I have constantly been reminded of the great increase of wealth in the West, I have never seen a more striking example of four years of prosperity than the inclosed card, which speaks for itself." The most striking feature of the statement is the following table of deposits:

Deposits September 5, 1896.....	\$341,676.73
" " 1897.....	791,370.74
" " 1898.....	1,251,749.24
" " 1899.....	2,000,967.62
" " 1900.....	2,677,146.69

American Tools and Machinery Abroad.

THE French consul in Manila calls attention, in a report, to the favorable opportunity for selling musical instruments in the Philippines. He says there are few of the natives who do not play some sort of an instrument, such as a mandolin, guitar, violin, or flute. The musical talent of the people is great. Thus far the business has been done principally by Americans. The consul thinks German manufacturers, if they would study the conditions of the market, could secure much of the trade. Only the cheapest sort of instruments can be sold, for the Tagal, as a rule, is not able to pay high prices. Instruments which have a showy exterior are preferred.

In a recent communication to the State Department from Athens, Greece, Consul McGinley says: "Owing to the tariff between Turkey and Greece, the Greek importers of timber are considering the question of importing from some other country the large quantities of timber, lumber, staves, etc., which they have heretofore annually brought from Turkey, and I think it well to inform American exporters of this fact, that they may have a chance to make a bid for the custom of the Greek market. As Greece does not produce any timber for manufacturing purposes, and very little for any use, she is obliged to import nearly all she consumes. In 1898, the latest year for which Greek import statistics have been published, Greece imported woods for building and manufacturing purposes valued at \$1,511,710.98. The demand for woods of all kinds is rapidly increasing in

Greece, and the local prices are very high. The great distance will make the freight on timber from the United States much higher than from any other of the countries named; but with a direct line or lines of steamships connecting Greek and American ports there would be a good chance to open up the Greek market for our native timbers—a market in which the demand for good qualities will annually increase."

A business man is thus quoted in the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*: "I was in Manchester, England, last year, and went, by invitation, through a big manufactory of agricultural implements. In one department I was a little surprised to see a lot of workmen engaged on plows of a well-known American pattern. 'Isn't that the same as So-and-So's plow?' I asked my guide, who was a member of the firm. 'Well, yes, substantially the same,' he said, looking a little confused, 'but you see there are no English patents, and we haven't any intention of putting it on the American market.' 'Well, I should say not!' I exclaimed: 'and you couldn't sell any of them if you did! That model was discarded months ago, and an improved form has altogether taken its place.' The case is simply one out of dozens. Another important point is this: Our improved shop tools, our scientific methods of handling material, and the ingenious manner in which we utilize what are called by-products, so as to minimize waste, are enabling us to turn out machinery as cheaply as the foreigners, in spite of the fact that we pay nearly double their wages. From present indications that gratifying state of affairs seems likely to continue, and it does away with the bugaboo of foreign cheap labor, which has heretofore menaced the business. It proves that a cheap product doesn't necessarily mean low pay."

To Amateur Photographers.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first publication in the United States to offer prizes for the best work of amateur photographers. Many of our readers have asked us to open a similar contest, and we therefore offer a prize of five dollars for the best amateur photograph received by us in each weekly contest, the competition to be based on the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. Preference will be given to unique and original work, and for that which bears a special relation to news events of current interest. We invite all amateurs to enter this contest. Photographs may be mounted or unmounted, and will be returned if stamps are sent for this purpose with a request for the return. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize-winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed, and one dollar will be paid for each photograph that may be used. No copyrighted photographs will be received, nor such as have been published or offered elsewhere. Many photographs are received, and those accepted will be utilized as soon as possible. Contestants should be patient. No writing, except the name and address of the sender, should appear on the back of the photograph, except when letter postage is paid, and in every instance care must be taken to use the proper amount of postage. Photographs must be entered by the amateur who took the picture. Silver paper with a glossy finish should be used when possible. Mat-surface paper is not the best for reproduction. *Preference is always given to pictures of recent current events of importance, for the news feature is one of the chief elements in selecting the prize-winners.*

The Paris Exposition.—During the Paris Exposition LESLIE'S WEEKLY will devote a page or more, at intervals, to a special display of photographs taken on the exposition grounds by amateurs. The best photograph, from the standpoint of originality, interest, and artistic merit, at the close of the contest, November 1st, will receive a special prize of twenty dollars, and for each photograph accepted two dollars will be paid on publication. Entries should be marked: "For Paris Exposition Amateur Contest." See general directions.

SPECIAL PRIZES.—We offer special prizes of ten dollars to each prize-winner, until further notice, for the most unique, original, and attractive pictures in the following classes: Negro Life, Automobile-driving, Cute Children (babies included), Indian Life, American Frontier Scenes, Gold-hunting in Alaska, Notable Accidents or Catastrophes, Incidents of Travel, Smiling or Laughing Faces. Contestants should mention the class in which they desire to compete.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY PRIZES of ten dollars for the prize-winners, and two dollars for each photograph used, for the best photographs available for Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's editions.

ELECTION PRIZES.—For the best amateur photograph illustrating a Presidential election, election-day scenes, queer election bets, and so forth, a special prize of ten dollars, and two dollars for each other photograph used in this contest.

N.B.—Communications should be specifically addressed to "Leslie's Weekly, 110 Fifth Avenue." When the address is not fully given, communications sometimes go to "Leslie's Magazine," or other publications having no connection with "Leslie's Weekly."

PHOTOGRAPHS RECEIVED AND ENTERED IN THE COMPETITIONS.

Smiling or Laughing Faces: Estelle G. Mozart, Washington, D.C.

Paris Exposition: Miss Beatrice Hanscom, Paris, France; Ira L. Wales, Albany, N.Y.

Negro Life: Jack Slater, Dayton, O.

General Contest: W. H. Hubbard, Indianapolis, Ind.; G. A. Skinner, 1st Lieut. and Asst. Surg. U. S. Army, Echague, N. Luzon, P. I.; Alice A. Dodds, Madison Mills, Va.; W. T. Montsarrat, V. S., Honolulu, H. I.

Cute Children: Capt. A. W. Butt, Asst. to Depot Q. M., Manila.

LIFE IN OTHER LANDS.

FOREIGN TOPICS OF THE HOUR.

Malaria and Mosquitoes.

THE uppermost scientific question under discussion in Europe just now is the relation between malaria and mosquitoes. Detailed reports arrived in London a few days ago from Rome of the experiments of the British mission sent out three months ago by the London School of Tropical Medicine to study malaria in the Campagna. During all that period the two doctors resident in the most malarial spot of the district took neither quinine nor arsenic, nor any other medicine to prevent or cure malaria, and yet escaped the disease. They attribute their immunity entirely to the fact that they protected themselves from the bites of mosquitoes. Simultaneously with these reports comes a statement from Professor Koch, the famous German bacteriologist, who returned to Europe last week from South Africa, where he has spent a year for the purpose of testing his cure for malaria, which was only partially successful in Germany before his departure. The scientist now announces to the medical world that his cure is positive, and that every malarial district can be absolutely purged of the scourge. Dr. Koch also announces that his medicine is both for curative and preventive purposes. He also wants it known that he has found a way of ridding countries of the malarial parasites, the mosquitoes. In his report to the German government Dr. Koch will recommend that measures be taken at once to introduce his method of exterminating the parasites and his cure for malaria, which, he claims, can be manufactured at once in all countries. The fact may be considered as practically established that mosquitoes are the chief propagators of malarial diseases. If a way can now be devised to get rid of both the mosquitoes and the malaria at one and the same time, a great boon will be conferred upon suffering humanity.

Russian Designs on India.

THE recent advances of Russia toward China by way of Manchuria, and her apparent absorption in schemes of expansion and colonial development in the region of the Pacific, seem not to have allayed the apprehension felt in England over the designs of the Muscovite power upon India. It is a known fact that Russian influence is dominant to-day in the Persian empire, and a move of the Russian forces over the Persian border and toward the Indian frontier is one of the things predicted for the near future. It is worth noting that so cool and calculating an observer as Lord Roberts says, in his "Forty-one Years in India," that, according to his own idea, a conflict between two Powers concerning India is inevitable—those Powers, of course, being the British and the Muscovite. And now we have such an expert as Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun seeking to influence public opinion in the same direction. His latest work is entitled, "Russia Against India." He knows India as well as he does China, and deals with facts and personal observation rather than with theorizing. Contrary to the opinion of most writers of recent date on the general subject, Mr. Colquhoun holds that there is real danger of a move upon India by Russia, and he urges the taking of immediate measures to "safeguard the prestige of the Anglo-Saxon in Asia." In this, he thinks, the United States and Germany should join. A main means, he thinks, would be the construction of a railway route from Quetta to Seistan, thence to Ispahan and onward.

Anglo-German Alliance.

THE most important and significant outcome of the Chinese imbroglio thus far is the alliance formed by Great Britain and Germany, mainly for the avowed purpose of preserving the integrity of China. The compact is a bold and decisive stroke in international politics, and cannot fail to result in highly important developments in the immediate future. Under the terms of the agreement as given out from the London foreign office, the Chinese ports are to be kept "free and open to trade and to every other legitimate form of economic activity for the peoples of all countries without distinction." The crux of the matter lies, however, in the third paragraph of the agreement, which reads as follows:

Third—In case of another Power making use of the complications in China in order to obtain under any form whatever such territorial advantages, the two contracting parties reserve to themselves the right to come to a preliminary understanding regarding the eventual step to be taken for the protection of their own interests in China.

While Russia is not named in this paragraph, it is evident enough in the light of events of the past few years that the Muscovite dynasty is that "another Power" held in mind as the one likely to take advantage of the situation created in China to enlarge her territorial dominions in that quarter of the world. Nothing could be clearer than this. Russia has been moving that way for decades, and her recent action in Manchuria only goes to confirm her ambitious designs. The question is, will Russia heed the warning so frankly given in this Anglo-German compact, or will she pursue her determined course and abide the consequence. That consequence, of course, will be war with England and Germany on the one side, and Russia, with France as a prob-

able ally, on the other. The stipulation quoted must compel Russia to show her hand at all events at an early date, and then we shall see what we shall see.

The Flight of President Krüger.

PRESIDENT KRÜGER finally left Lorenzo Marques last week for Holland, where a temporary home has been provided for him. One report has it that he embarked at the Portuguese seaport secretly for fear of injury from Boers who are angered at his departure from the country. While this "flight" of the Boer leader and chief executive is construed as "closing the war," the fact is that on the very day of his departure there was a fight between British troops and a Boer force in the Transvaal, in which the total killed and wounded was over a hundred. What the self-exiled President purposes to do in Europe when he arrives has not been made clear. Some of the London papers refer to him in kindly terms. The London *Outlook* thinks that "a moment of pity might be spared for him," but thinks his fate was inevitable: "It was his fate to hurtle up against a people quite as forceful as his own, but also injured, as they were not, to national shocks and trained to victory." The British newspapers again declare that the war is virtually ended. The London *Times* says: "He has thought fit, it seems, to go through the puerile formality of obtaining six months' leave of absence from Mr. Shalk Burger, the titular vice-president of the republic which has ceased to exist, but he is too shrewd a man, however he may strive to deceive himself and others, not to know in his heart that the world will recognize his flight to be definitive.... His worst enemies can wish him no severer punishment than the knowledge that his life-work has resulted in a great stride forward toward the consolidation of the empire he hated."



MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE GOLD TO THE RIGHTFUL OWNERS.—A BIRTHDAY WISH FOR MR. KRUGER.
—From the London Sketch.

A Troublesome Royal Visitor.

It will be remembered that when the Shah of Persia visited European capitals several years ago some shocking stories were told of his unclean and unmannerly habits. It was said at the time that the rooms assigned to him at the Windsor palace by her Majesty Queen Victoria had to be fumigated and refurnished before they were fit for use again. The Shah has recently been traveling about Europe once more, and, according to the foreign papers, he is as boorish and untidy now as before.

The Vienna correspondent of the London *Daily News* says that his Imperial Majesty Shah Mussaffer Ed Din has proved the most rebellious visitor the Vienna court has ever entertained. He refused to do things at the time allotted for them; he changed the programme at his own sweet will, and generally neglected the law of etiquette. His journey from Marienbad to Vienna was an awful trial to the court functionaries trusted with the management. As companies of honor had been placed at all the stations for the Shah to review, much time was lost, which had to be made up by fast running between the stations. This his Majesty absolutely refused to allow, declaring he would not permit any machine to fly away with him. When the party were at Gmund, only half-way to Vienna, he declared he would take some hours' sleep before resuming the journey. It was no use telling him the Emperor was wait-

ing for him at the station. "What is the telegraph for?" he asked, and Neriman Khan had great difficulty to induce him to re-enter the train. Here is another instance of the Shah's willfulness. On a certain Friday morning, it appears, he slept until long past the time when he was to have received the visits of the Archdukes. They came to his door in vain, and in the afternoon he declined to return visits he had not received. Neriman Khan tried to excuse his discourtesy as well as he could by making a round of explanatory calls. On Saturday he began by declaring that he would not hunt with the Emperor in the Lainz Park. This was to have been the most brilliant entertainment of all, as he could have shot a number of wild sheep without even leaving his carriage.

President Loubet Can Snub.

ALTHOUGH France has had a democratic government now for nearly thirty years, it has not yet freed itself from many of the airs, trappings, and ceremonials of courts and palaces. The present chief executive of France, M. Loubet, is more truly democratic in his ideas and manner of life than any of his predecessors. He is the son of a poor and worthy couple belonging to the working class, and has never been ashamed to acknowledge the fact. None the less for that, however, President Loubet knows how to assert his dignity on occasion, and he did so to some purpose in connection with the recent banquet to the mayors of France. The Nationalist Municipal Councillors at first ignored the chief of the state altogether, and sent him no invitation. This naturally annoyed many of the Republican mayors, and a considerable number of them declined the invitation. The Nationalists saw they had gone too far, and they approached M. Loubet to know when he would receive a deputation with an invitation to the banquet. The President, however, determined to read these gentlemen a lesson. He was too busy, he said, to receive the deputation, and would be too busy all the week. This curt refusal even to entertain the idea of the invitation led to the temporary abandonment of the banquet, which was, without doubt, originally intended by its organizers as a deliberate demonstration against the government.

Glimpses of European High Life.

CONTRARY to the impression prevailing in some quarters the Sultan of Turkey has many tastes and hobbies in common with other mortals. He admires all sports, and is a good shot. He is a collector of old and curious weapons and arms. He is fond of horses and dogs. His horsemanship is sufficiently known, and in this art most of his sons excel. Not long ago he wished the princes to learn how to drive four-in-hand and tandem, and an expert coachman from England was engaged and duly installed at Yildiz at a liberal stipend. Whether, however, the princes grew tired of this hobby, or German jealousy interfered, the fact remains that, after a very little while, the coachman was dismissed, and had great difficulty in obtaining the salary agreed upon. But, although the Sultan has the most magnificent stud of all the European monarchs, a proper four-in-hand team was never procured.

The *Neue Freie Presse* publishes a rather strange story on the authority of its Ischl correspondent. A few days before Emperor Francis Joseph left the above-named town for Vienna a lady appeared at the Imperial Schloss and urgently petitioned for an audience with his Majesty. She professed to have to make a communication of the greatest importance. She gave the name of Mademoiselle Demesne, and stated that she was French by birth and staying at one of the principal hotels. In consequence of her strange behavior she was handed over to the authorities, who elicited the fact that she had made herself exceedingly conspicuous in many ways at her temporary quarters. Telegraphic inquiries to the chief of the Paris detective force brought the reply that Mlle. Demesne had been treated recently at one of the convent infirmaries of the capital for hysteria. Her purpose in seeking an interview with the Emperor has led to all sorts of startling conjectures.

The Shah of Persia expended \$1,000,000 at the Paris Exposition, chiefly in treasures for his palace at Teheran. The Shah is said to be quite abstemious in his diet at home, although an extensive bill-of-fare is always spread before him. All the food is carefully prepared, and a prince of the royal house is responsible that no tricks are played. Every dish as it is sent from the kitchen is sealed, and the seals are broken in the Shah's presence. The Shah, according to etiquette, eats alone. Formerly he squatted, and ate from a big tray placed on the floor. But since going to Teheran he has been persuaded to sit upon a mattress and eat from a table about a foot high. At first a chintz cloth was on the table, but he was told it would be much nicer if he had a white cloth, and so a white cloth is now used. Between fifty and sixty dishes are served, but his Majesty touches only two or three.

QUALITIES OF A GOOD WIFE.

THE qualities given to constitute a good wife have been stated many times, but by no one better, perhaps, than the poet Burns, who divided the scale of good wifery into ten parts: Good nature, 4; good sense, 2; wit, 1; personal charms, 1. The remaining two degrees covered fortune, education, family, blood, etc.

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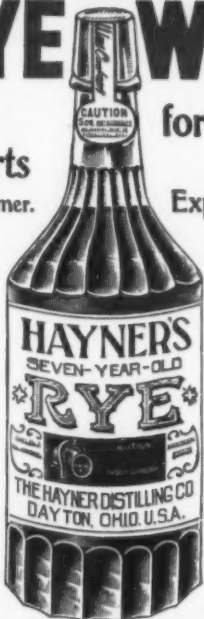
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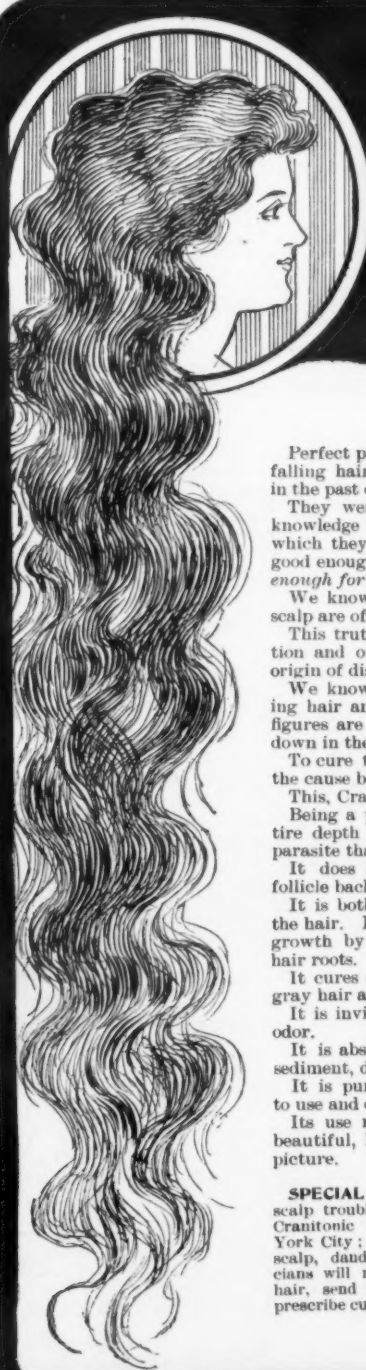
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Also there is not one in a hundred but that tell you that the reason of this is he starts to build, without proper consideration; his only foundation is the money he has to build with and large imaginations. About the time he has his building enclosed his imaginations vanish and his money with them.

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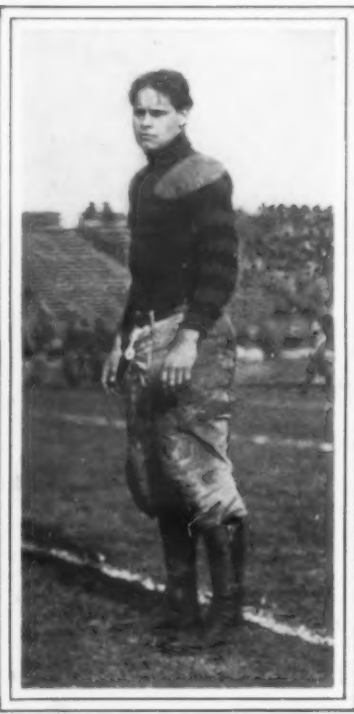
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Victories for the Big Foot-ball Elevens.



CAPTAIN T. TRUXTON HARE, OF PENNSYLVANIA, THE GREATEST GUARD ON THE AMERICAN FOOTBALL FIELD TO-DAY. —Photo by Dunn.

ever, the Orange and Black won by the score of 5-0. The struggle with the Easton players made every man on the Princeton team play his hardest, and the final result has not boomed the Tigers' stock any too high in the athletic market.

Yale and Pennsylvania are both playing a higher standard of foot-ball than has been developed by any eleven at this season for many a year. The Pennsylvania-Columbia game at Franklin Field, Philadelphia, showed that the "Quakers" are the most formidable aggregation of foot-ball men on any gridiron at present. If they can keep up the same "brand" of play as that exhibited against the Blue and White until their meeting with Harvard at Cambridge, Pennsylvania should certainly bear away the laurels from Soldiers' Field. Harvard won from Columbia on October 13th on the latter's poor playing. Pennsylvania defeated the New-Yorkers by the cleanest and most brilliant foot-ball one would ever want to see. The guards-back formation, as taught by Coach George Woodruff, proved itself a mighty successful battering-ram against Columbia. Granted that the Blue and White's guards were men newly broken in, the tackles, at any rate, were experienced, and could have stopped almost anybody but Hare and his men in that flying onslaught.

Columbia was outplayed by Pennsylvania at every point. Overpowered by stronger players when the other side had the ball, her offensive work melted to nothing when the backs struck that stone wall of red and blue. Ten yards by actual measure-

ment is all that Columbia gained by running with the ball in the whole game. So this must be said about the contest: Pennsylvania outplayed and outweighed Columbia, and the score of 30-0 tells the rightful story of the respective worth of the two elevens. If the Philadelphians can keep up their present play, and if Captain Hare is not laid out before the Harvard game, there is no doubt of the result.

Time and time again Pennsylvania's captain would come through his opponent's line like a shot from a catapult for the required distance. More than once he passed all the Columbia team except Weekes, who covered the back field, and was stopped by that sturdy youngster by the cleverest of tackles. So good, in fact, was this Columbia player's defensive work that Hare took occasion to compliment him on his splendid play. This kind of good feeling on the part of Hare was reflected throughout the whole game. There was no "roughing it up" on either side. Nobody was disqualified, and to cap the climax the crowd of Pennsylvania sympathizers cheered Columbia when she came on the field, and applauded her good plays. This good-fellowship in college contests is to be highly praised. Whatever may have been said in the past of Pennsylvania's questionable standing in foot-ball and the lack of sportsmanship among the student body can and must be forever quashed right now. The amateur standing of her athletes is now unquestioned, and she deserves to stand among the mighty. It may be well for competing colleges to understand that, either owing to the quality of her men or to the skill and thoroughness of her training, Pennsylvania is in line for advancement to the front rank. It remains for Pennsylvania to decide.

Of course, the word "if" plays an important part in foot-ball criticism. In no other sport does the unexpected happen to a greater degree. Concerning the team which represents the University of Pennsylvania, the element of chance enters largely into the hope of final success against Harvard in this way: It is what may be termed a "one-man" team. Too much work falls directly upon Captain T. T. Hare. He is intrusted with most of the offensive playing in Pennsylvania's great move, the guards-back formation. Should he be laid up it would be like imperial France with Napoleon at St. Helena. But then Woodruff is willing to take this chance of keeping Hare on the eleven and in prime condition. He is certainly a wonderful player and leader. He will stand in a class all by himself as guard at the end of the season, and by the manner in which his team follows him in clean and sportsmanlike play, Pennsylvania deserves victory.

CHARLES CHAPIN SARGENT, JR.



HARE SCORES A BRILLIANT AND UNEXPECTED SECOND TOUCHDOWN IN THE COLUMBIA-PENNSYLVANIA GAME.—Photo by Dunn.

Terrible Tales from China.

(Special Correspondence of Leslie's Weekly.)

SHANGHAI, August 28th.—When the Boxer war has become past history not all our martyrs will have been slain. Many have

been able to endure the awful strain who years hence will die from the direct, although delayed, effect of the war. For the known martyrs of the present we write fitting memorials. Those of the future will usually only be known and honored by family and friends. When this barbarous war is over there will be widows and orphans in need of loving care—not only those of our birthland, but of the true and the brave of the Chinese, many of whom have died for Christian teacher or foreign friend.

Already funeral processions are winding their way to foreign cemeteries, bearing those who as volunteers fought bravely or suffered greatly at Tien-Tsin and Peking, or were unable to rally after perilous travel from the far interior to port cities. Many more are nervously prostrated, or sick near unto death, from like causes. Of the latter there are two women in Shanghai. The story of these women, if written at length, would reveal terrible suffering and heroic endurance. Twice were their heads laid upon the block; then, for some to them unknown cause, the execution was deferred, and they finally escaped martyrdom on the block perchance to die in Shanghai or be life-long sufferers from the effect of their dreadful experiences.

A daughter left Taku for Tien-Tsin in search of her father, whom she hoped to find at the latter place. She was standing upon the deck of the steamer, looking with horror upon the sight of floating bodies of Chinese, which at times were so many as to make the passage of the steamer difficult, when her attention was drawn to the body of a foreigner, which, although frightfully mutilated and face distorted, she recognized as her father.

A woman with a few-weeks-old babe, after the most narrow escapes from murder by the Boxers, and physical exertions seemingly beyond the endurance of a delicate woman, reached a port of safety. During her travels, largely on foot, passing through Chinese villages, in constant fear of the Boxers, she risked her own and baby's life—being unable herself to nurse her babe—by appealing to Chinese women. Her appeal was not in vain. The infant was nourished by twenty different Chinese women before she reached a place where she could obtain help from foreigners. Is it any wonder, after experiences like these—and their like is legion—that, with some, nervous prostration follows; that others are dying, and many who survive will be life-long sufferers? Are not those who die later as truly martyrs as those who have already died at the murderous hand of the Boxer? I think they are, although theirs will be an unwritten history, save in the hearts of those who knew and loved them.

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A Roast

ON TEMPERANCE PEOPLE.

A LITTLE woman out in Tower Hill, Ill., takes a fall out of the temperance people in a letter containing the following: "It is amusing to see some stanch temperance people who would as soon be caught stealing a horse as to be seen going into a saloon, that are tied down, hard and fast, to their coffee cups as much as an old whiskey sot is to his morning dram. They give the same excuse that the old sot does, they act the same way, the habit is just as fixed. Their dram does not as quickly intoxicate, but its steady use just as surely breaks down the nervous system and ruins them physically and mentally, frequently setting up some fixed form of chronic disease.

"Consistency, thou art a jewel, just as much to-day as of old. Either break away from your slavery—tea, coffee, or any other pernicious habit you may have, or quit preaching to others. I know what I am talking about, for I was a coffee slave for a time and can speak truthfully of its effects. It almost ruined my nervous system, caused constipation, headaches, and sleeplessness. I suppose if I had drank enough at one time to make me entirely drunk, I might have felt easier.

"Finally the stuff began to cause coughing after my meals; then I concluded to part company with the demon, and at once, upon the advice of some friends, took up Postum Food Coffee. The change was marvelous. I passed from an invalid to a healthy person, in a very short time. I had quit a drug and taken up a strong, powerful, nourishing food in liquid form, and owe my present health to Postum Food Coffee." Name will be furnished by Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.



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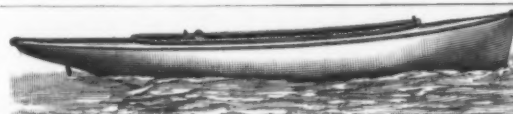
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